SVNDRY CHRISTIAN PASSIONS CONtained in two hundred Sonnets.

Diuided into two equall parts:

The first consisting chiefly of Meditations, Humiliations, and Praiers.

The second of Comfort, Ioy, and Thankesgiuing.

By H. L.

Call vpon me in the day of trouble: So will I deliuer thee, and thou shalt glorifie me.

Imprinted at London by Richard Field. 1593.

To the rIght renoVVneD

VertVoVs VIrgin ELIzabeth, VVor-
thy QVeene of happIe EngLanD, herhIghneſſe
faIthfVL ſubIect, Henry Lok, VVIſheth
Long Lyfe, VVIth eternaL bLIſſe.
IVne. VII.

MY worthleſſe pen Preſumeth to deuiſe,
To eternize Your peerles vertuous fame,
In holy flame Of Zeale my hart doth riſe,
VVhich doth diſpiſe A theame of vulgar frame,
The ſacred dame The graces haue ſelect,
That ſhould protect The holie Muſes hill,
Whoſe Phœnix quil Doth heauenly Crowne affect,
And thoſe hath deckt VVhich Romane Trophies fill.
Heauens do diſtill Their happie influence,
As come frõ thence, You there your portion haue,
Ioue long you ſaue, VVhoſe Scepters you diſpence,
For whoſe defence, True Engliſh hearts he gaue,
Venus would craue, And Dian doth that due,
Which Pallas wils Me yeeld alone to you.

To the Christian Reader.

Ho so shall duly consider the whole Progresse of mans estate from life to death, shall finde it gentle Reader, to be nothing else but a verie pilgrimage through this earth to another world; for whether we obserue the cõmon course of all flesh, which from the mothers wombe to the graue, is still trauelling with change of bodily constitution, from youth to age, from health to sickneſſe, and so from one estate to another. Or if we behold the particular incounters which each man findeth in himselfe, in the variable change of his hopes and crossing of his purposes: In both it shall by a generall experience of all mens calamities be assuredly confirmed to be too true. But how much more may we finde in the direction of our soules to the prper hauen of their habitation (euen to heauen) a multitude of aduersaries lying in the way to hinder our trauell to that promised land; how many afflictiõs of the minde, frailties of the flesh, baytes of the world, and snares of Satan, are bent against vs, to slacken (if not cleane to diuert) our due course thitherwardes, in such sort as if God of his infinite mercie and prouidence did not oftentimes prevent and stop

our willes and powers, and bridle the malice of these aduersaries, we should all assuredly perish by the way. But now (such is his fatherlie care and loue to vs in Christ) that hee hath left vs a direction & readie way of safetie in the midst of all assaults or afflictions how perilous soeuer, euen prayer; which being formed according to the rules prescribed vnto vs by him selfe, and with feruencie of faith offered vp vnto him: are of power to penetrate the heauens, purchase our safetie, pay our debts, & procure vs peace of hart in the midst of all earthly perils: yea (knowing our coldnesse herein, and feare of our owne guilt, deterring vs from his presence) he doth not onlie licence vs to this boldnesse, but alloureth vs by manie sensible blessings felt in our owne consciences. And calleth vs by a supernaturall courage, sometimes with confidence to come vnto him, and euen to hope against hope in our most desperate necessities. He doth direct our tongues oftentimes herein before our mindes, and our mindes before our harts; being himself readier to giue then we to aske, and giuing with more regard of our good, then we can craue or conceiue: for all which he expecteth nothing else at our hands, but continuallie to flie vnto him, & to yeeld him due praise: to relie on him onelie in the day of triall, and to incourage others thereto, for in this sort alone he will be honoured of vs. Thus our earthlie pilgrimage being then so dangerous to all flesh, and so readie a way prescribed vnto vs for our safer passage therein, he were verie vnwise that would not furnish himselfe with such prouision (which costs so little as our willes to haue it) and more vncharitable that would not do his best to assist his companiō in his iourny, with both counsell and comfort of the same. For this cause (gentle Reader) I hauing (through Gods great goodnesse) felt in the direction and

protection

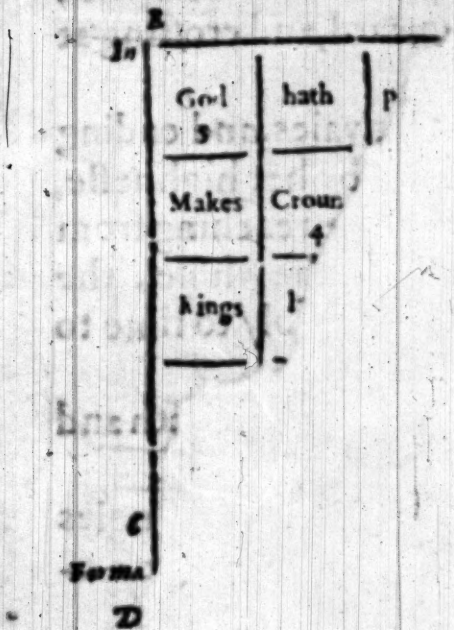
protection of my vnstable youth, a plentifull portion of the wonderfull care he hath ouer vs, and of the vnspeakeable force of praier and thanksgiuing in all extremities: the more to stirre vp my selfe to a memorie thereof, haue thought good to set downe these abrupt passions of my passed afflictions, as witnesses of the impediments most stopping me in my Christian pilgrimage, and testimonies of the meanes of my euasion hitherto, which may serue for presidents for my selfe in the like future occasions: and not be altogither vnprofitable for others to imitate. In which (as in a glasse) may be seene, the state of a regenerate soule, sicke with sinne, sometimes (Ague-like) shiuering with cold dispaire, straight waies inflamed with feruencie of faith and hope. One while yeelding vnder the burthen of sinne to eternall death, and presently incouraged to runne cheerfully forward the appointed course of this his pilgrimage, and like a practized traueller, vsed to the change of companie, diet, heate, cold, paine, pleasure, plentie, and want, not to amaze himselfe long with anie chaunge: but by a consideration of pleasures passed or rest expected, patientlie to passe ouer this world full of incomberances, from a sence and feeling wherof in some measure, no true childe of God is anie long time (as I suppose) exempt. Now although I doubt not but euen these reasons will carrie the iudgement of the godlie Christian Reader to a fauourable interpretation of my purpose herein, and to some delight in the tast thereof, to whom no person or occasion, stile or phrase, will seeme vnseasonable, being imployd to the glorifying of God, & profit of the Church, or proceeding from a zeale of that effect: yet the consideration that the greater number to whose handes this Treatise may happen to come, are either not so well affected, or so discreet and temperate

as were to be wished, maketh me thinke it needfull to saie something in declaration of my purpose herein: not in excuse of my exercising my self in such theames which indeed ought to be the common action in some measure of all men, as oft as necessarie affaires of this life will permit them, neither in that I make common with others this my exercise which seemeth in secret onely to be practised by my selfe: for that I take it not to be alwaies a token of pride or vaine glorie, to make knowne for a common good to others, that which may breed a suspect of ambition in the Author among the prophane or cauelling multitude, though how herein I am carried my selfe, I leaue to God the searcher of hearts to iudge: onely I would satisfie them first in the cause of my writing them in verse, then of the confused placing of them without speciall titles. To the first I was induced, for that I find manie oftentimes (specially such as had most neede to praie and meditate) to reade bookes rather for the affection of words then liking of matter, and perhaps more to controll the compiling, then commend the contents, such yet (so as they read) shall giue me all that I craue, and find I hope that they looked not for, if not in all, yet in some among manie of these Sonnets. As for the apt nature of Poetrie, to delight, to contriue significantly in fewe words much matter, to pearce and penetrate affections of men, with the aptnesse thereof, for helpe of memorie, I will not saie much: but for my deducing these passions into Sonnets, it answereth (as I suppose) best for the shortnesse, to the nature of passions, and common humor of men, who are either not long touched with so good motions, or by their worldly affaires not permitted to continue much reading; as for the cause of my so preposterous placing of them and deuision onely into two sorts, I confesse indeed

indeed I am perſwaded their diſorder doth beſt fit the nature of mankind, who commonly is delighted with contraries, and exerciſed with extreames, and alſo as they were by God miniſtred to my minde, to ſet downe by ſundry accidents in my priuate eſtate and feeling; ſo I ſuppoſe my prouidence could not by a formall placing of them, ſo ſoone hit the affections of euerie Reader as Gods direction (by that which men call chaunce) might this way incounter the common inconſtant forme of reading, which is by ſtarts to turne euer bookes, and peruſe only, what by the praiſe of others told, is commended vnto them, or not ſought for, falleth into their view. As they are therefore, I recommend them to thy curteſie in reading, and thee to Gods holie ſpirit in the peruſing of them, if they may haue the ſame working in thee, that I praiſe God ſome of them had in me, they ſhall not be vtterly vnprofitable. If in matter they iumpe not to thy paſſions in all points, thinke among the great Arſenall of Satans armour, he hath choyce of weapons for ſundry aſſaults, and diſpoſeth of them diuerſly according to the ſtrength or weakneſſe of the partie he beſiegeth. Which (being as indifferent in particular perſons as Gods gifts are to them) thou ſhalt do well to thy abilitie to reforme or ſupply my defect, who hereby do onely inuite the better able to imploy in ſo fit a Theame their more fruitfull ſpirit. If in maner of the verſe or ſtile, they be (as I doubt not) to be amended much: I do not greatly ſeeke the praiſe of a curious Architector, neither (without neglect of more neceſſarie dutie) could I attaine to the required obſeruances that way: and therefore craue that thy diſcreſſion may regard my intentiõ. And thus recommending my ſelfe to thy fauourable acceptance, who herein haue rather followed the force of mine owne inward feeling, then outward ornaments of Poeticall

fictions or amplifications, as best beseeming the naked cloathing of simple truth, & true Analogie of the nature of the Histories whereto they alude, and harmonie of scriptures whence they are borrowed. I heartely commend thee to the Almighty.

A square in ver
Describin



quare.

ription of her Maieſtie,
nward, and croſſing at

twaies, and ending
by her highneſſe.
, reaching from
ie whole, the
bly to rime to

ith and

ngles
on o-

are

ne-
s

THE FIRST PART OF CHRISTIAN PASsions, containing a hundreth Sonets *of meditation, humiliation, and prayer.*

PREFACE.

IT is not Lord the ſound of many words,
The bowed knee or abſtinence of man,
The filed phraſe that eloquence affordes,
Or Poets pen that heauens do pearce or can:
By heauie cheere, of colour pale and wan,
By pined bodie of the Phariſay,
A mortall eye repentance oft doth ſcan,
Whoſe judgement doth on outward ſhadows ſtay.
But thou (ô God) doeſt hearts entent bewray,
For from thy ſight Lord nothing is conceald.
Thou formdſt the frame fro out the verie clay,
To thee the thoughts of hearts are all reueald,
To thee therefore with hart and mind proſtrate,
With teares I thus deplore my ſinfull ſtate.

SONET I.

HOw ſhould my ſoule Lord clad in earthly mold,
(The priſon where it readie is to pine,
Where vilde affections captiue it do hold,
And threaten naught, but ruin in the fine)
Vnto one thought of hope or helpe incline,
Or raiſe the eyes vnto the heauens bright?
How may it Lord take hold on mercies thine,
Or preſſe it ſelfe in preſence of thy ſight?
Or how canſt thou therein at all delight,
If mercy be not ſpokeſman in this caſe,
If merit of thy ſonne ſhould not acquite
The common gilt of Adams ſinfull raſe?
Which ſince by faith alone man may attaine,
Grant me firſt grace not faithleſſe to remaine.

SON. II.

FRo out the darkneſſe of this ſea of feare,
Where I in whale remaine deuourde of ſin,
With true remorſe of former life I reare
My heart to heauen, in hope ſome helpe to win:
I do confeſſe my fault, who did begin
To flie from thee ô Lord, and leaue vndone
Thy ſeruice which of right ſhould firſt haue bin
performd, by woich ſo many ſhould be wonne
To praiſe thy name. But feare alas begunne,
To repreſent to me my iourny long.
The dangers of the world my life ſhould runne,
Which made me to my ſoule to offer wrong.
But ſince by ſhow of death thou caldſt me backe,
Thy gratious helpe at need let me not lacke.

Within

SON. III.

WIthin this arke wherein my ſoule doth dwell,
My bodie floting on worldes troubled waue,
Which windes of fierce affections cauſe to ſwell,
And hardly can my power from ſinking ſaue,
I crie to thee ô Lord and comfort craue:
Cloſe vp this fountaine of this flowing ſin,
Let me by faith againe once footing haue
On frutefull earth, and holie life begin;
Lighten the burden ſo vncleane within,
Of brutiſh vices raging in my minde,
Let cleane affects the greater partie win,
And ſo increaſe that plentie I may finde
Of ſacrifices pleaſing in thy ſight,
Of faith and loue which are thy ſoules delight.

SON. IIII.

IN humble wiſe as fitteth beſt my ſtate,
An abiect wretch deuoyd of all deſert,
I here approch before thy mercy gate,
O Lord of life with broke and contrite hart:
I need not to reueale to thee my ſmart,
A lump of ſin and ſhame I am I know,
Wounded ſo deepe with deadly poyſoned dart,
Of ſerpents ſting which did from parents grow,
That now my humors ſo do ouerflow,
With foule affections of my feeble minde,
As preſſeth downe my eyes on earth ſo low,
As dares not ſearch the heauens true helpe to finde.
Yet ſince thou haſt made knowne to me my griefe,
Guide me by grace to fountaine of relief.

SON. V.

VNto thy princely wedding Lord are bed,
Of euerie ſort ſome gueſts to feaſt with thee,
One that a ſpouſe but late before had wed,
One oxen bought, one taken land to ſee:
They from the banket therefore abſent bee,
Regarding not thy meſſengers of grace,
In number of the like, Lord hold not mee,
But let me haue I craue the offred place,
Yet ere that I appeare before thy face,
A wedding garment firſt I muſt put on,
My owne vnrighteous cloathing is too baſe,
And marchandiſe of merits now are gone,
Then ſince thou cal'ſt, with faith do thou me cloth
A lame blind begger Lord, do thou not loth.

SON. VI.

IN pride of youth when as vnbridled luſt
Did force me forth, my follies to bewray,
I challenged as patrimony iuſt,
Each vaine affection leading to decay:
And truſting to that treaſure, poſt away
I wandred in the worlds alluring ſight,
Not reaſon, vertue, ſhame, or feare could ſtay,
My appetite from taſting each delite.
Till want and wearineſſe began me bite,
And ſo perforce to father I retire,
To whom I proſtrate kneele (vnworthie wight)
To name of ſonne not daring to aſpire,
Receiue me yet, ſweet ſauiour of thy grace,
Poore penitent, into a ſeruants place.

Lame

SON. VII.

LAme of my limmes, and ſenceleſſe of my ſtate,
Neere fortie yeares. Lord haue I groueling line,
Before Bethesda poole, yet ſtill too late,
To waſh me in the fountaine I encline,
Whence health wold come, when Angel giues the ſine:
If any one to aide me readie were,
But helpleſſe thus, I readie am to pine,
My ſelfe vnable duly vp to reare.
Vouchſafe thou then me to this bath to beare,
By the aſſiſtance of thy heauenly grace,
Let not the force of foule affects me feare,
To preaſe forth firſt when Chriſt appeares in place,
Who is the fountaine, Angell, and the man,
That bath, that bliſſe, that cure my ſenſes can.

SON. VIII.

THy thundring voice and Angell Lord of long,
Hath cald my ſoule from ſlumber where it laie,
The harmony of heauenly muſickes ſong,
Hath made my wandring feete at laſt to ſtaie:
Direct thou me alſo the readie way,
Vnto thy church, that in thy holy place
Thy word and law I may in heart obay,
And worſhip thee before thy peoples face.
Grane me I ſay, ſuch meaſure of thy grace,
That greedily by faith I ſwallow vp
The booke of truth, and ſo thy word imbrace,
That frutefully I taſte ſaluations cup.
Thou who doeſt rule the earth, the ſea and land:
In my defence, with power and glory ſtand.

SON. IX.

AMong thy sheepe ô Lord I seemd to feed,
By Sacraments receiu'd into thy flocke,
By preached word I watred was indeed,
And works with fleece did seeme inritch my flocke:
But at my doore true faith did neuer knocke,
(Which should be shepheard of my soules defence)
But thiefelike fond affections reason mocke,
And by the window of my wilfull sence
Do enter to my heart and steale from thence,
Each motion of amendment which doth rise,
And shepheardlesse of grace transported hence
By Sathan (rauening woolfe) in fearefull wise,
I call to thee (sweet Sauiour) shepheard true,
Teach me to know thy voice and thee insue.

SON. X.

BEhold ô Lord the Citie thou hast built,
Ierusalem this fleshly frame of mine,
By sin (Assyrians sword) is almost spilt,
And like to yeeld to Rabsake in fine:
Yet lo alas my soule doth much repine,
To see proud Satan so blaspheme thy name,
To threaten ruine to this temple thine,
Since thou art prayd and honord in the same.
Thou able art the rage of lust to tame,
The force of pride and furie to subdue,
Against Senacherib thy Angell came,
And all his host in one night ouerthrew.
So let thy holie spirit me defend,
And to my plaints and praiers comfort send.

Since

SON. XI.

SInce with Goliah I am now to fight,
And lacke the slight of holie Dauids sling,
Arme thou me Lord with heauenly armor bright,
Which power of flesh & world to foile may bring.
Thy righteous brestplate gird on me with truth,
Prepare my feete with Gospel of thy peace,
The shield of faith (which firie dartes beare forth,
Of wicked Satan, whose assaults not cease)
The helmet of saluation and the sword
Of spirit which is founded on thy law;
All these my praiers are, that thou afford
To make me stedfast, spight of lyons claw,
Who roaring, daily seekes as wished pray,
My silly soule from thee to take away.

SON. XII.

NOw that thou hast prepard me to confesse,
Thy seruice Lord the which I vndertake,
I thee beseech, my purpose so to blesse,
That I a good account to thee may make:
A Nazarit I am, who do forsake
The delicacies of the worlds delight,
Whote thirst thy purest fountaine still shall slake,
With faith and truth the which with sin shall fight.
I will not tast the wine of Satans slight,
Which doth confound all reason and all sence,
My vow shall be to serue thee day and night,
And trust in thee shall be my true defence,
Till death dissolue this promise made to thee,
Whose strength herein thy heauenly grace be-

SON. XIII.

I Seeke ô Lord to ſhew thy powrefull hand,
Which hath conuerted this my ſinfull hart,
Into a rod of ſtrength which ſtill might ſtand,
Strong in thy truth, who powrefull onely art:
But Iamnes pride, and Iambres luſtfull hart,
By ſlight impoſture of ſlie Satans might,
Two Serpents frame, which will not thence depart,
But ſeeke againſt thy powrefull hand to fight.
But let my faith their fury put to flight,
And vertue thine, deuour theſe imps of ſin,
Let not theſe fleſhly frutes appeare in ſight
Of truth, which only can the conqueſt win.
Let faith ſhew forth the finger of thy hand,
And cleane conſume, each power doth it withſtand.

SON. XIIII.

BEhold ô Lord a tree by high way ſide,
Vnfrutefull yet of any foode for thee,
In high way ſide as yet I do abide,
Where paſſers to Ieruſalem I ſee:
Though ſommer grow, I cannot frutefull be,
Vnplanted by thy grace in garden dume,
I do confeſſe I am a wild fig tree,
For want of moiſture which am like to pine,
Vnto my praiers Lord do thou incline,
Remoue me home into thy garden faire,
Let me behold the face of thy ſunne ſhine,
Which may my withered leaues with life repaire.
So maiſt thou taſt a frute of wholeſome kinde,
And leaue a marke of mercy great behinde.

Within

SON. XV.

Within thy garden Lord I planted was,
And watred well with thy moſt carefull hand,
But yet vnfrutefull I remaind alas,
And theſe thy bleſſings did not vnderſtand:
In vaine I did employ poſſeſſed land,
Ten times three yeares thy ſeruants did replant
My ſtocke, and ſought to bend my crooked wand,
And did ſupply ech aide I ſeem'd to want.
At length my frutes which daily grew more ſcant,
Wild thee reſolue to haue me weeded out,
My foule affections were with folly brant,
My roote of faith was ſhakt with feare and doubt.
And lo I pine, ſweet Sauiour water me,
Paul and Appollos worke, elſe loſt will be.

SON. XVI.

A Wicked Phariſie I long haue bene,
Whom ſight of mercies thine allure to thee,
Aſhamed Lord of my faire clothed ſinne,
In ſecret wight I ſeeke thy face to ſee:
That thou art God, thy workes reueale to me,
That thou art mine, thy ſonne doth me aſſure,
Vouchſafe, that I regenerate may be,
And that my praiers pardon may procure.
Purge by thy ſprite and faith, faire fountaine pure,
The ſenſes dull that cannot vnderſtand,
The heauenly birth which ſhall in bliſſe endure,
Not ſubiect vnto Satans ſinfull band.
And with thy ſonne let worldes affections die,
My ſoule from hell, with him aſcend on hie.

SON. XVII.

FIue fooliſh virgins in my ſenſes dwell,
And ſeeke to make me ſlumber ouer long,
They dreame, that all my deeds do fall out well,
Whereas indeed I headlong run to wrong:
To vanities their humors do belong,
And ſin who doth their fancie chiefly feed,
They cheined are to linkes of luſt ſo ſtrong,
That their beſt ſoile, brings forth but bitter weed.
They lacke the oyle which ſhould be vſde in deed,
To lead them to the euerlaſting light:
It growes not Lord in frute of humane ſeed,
Man ſleepes all day and gropes his way at night.
Vnleſſe thou lend thy hand and fill our lampes,
Our light goes forth with ſmothering ſinful damps

SON. XVIII.

OVt of the fountaine of eternall liſe,
I poore Samarytan here readie ſtand,
(To ſinfull luſt an old betrothed wife)
With pitcher readie in my trembling hand,
To draw a draught ot liquor moſt diuine,
To quench the thirſt of my inflamed hart
With heauenly dew: ere that my ſoule do pine,
And qualifie the rigor of my ſmart.
A Prophet true thou art I vnderſtand,
Or rather father of all truth thou art,
A ſtranger I from faire Iudæa land,
With theſe thy bleſſings craue for to impart.
Then guide my hand and teach my ſoule to taſt,
True faith the fountaine where all bliſſe is plaſt.

SON. XIX.

A Wicked ſoule ſold to all fleſhly ſin,
Lord here I proſtrate at thy feete do lie,
To gather crummes of grace, ſoules health to win,
Which Lord to giue me do thou not denie:
The pretious oyle of penitence will I
Powre forth with teares fro out my melting eyes,
o bath thy feete, and after will I drie
Them with my haires (which balms no treaſure bies)
Though worldly loue when he my fact eſpies,
Repine to ſee my ſoule ſo well inclind:
To my defence ô Lord vouchſafe to riſe,
And fructifie this firſt frute of my mind.
Vouchſafe to ſup with humble ſeruant thine,
And that of ſeruice, better choyſe be mine.

SON. XX.

A Poore Arabian whom baſe Agar bare,
Firſt borne of fleſh, but laſt of promiſt grace,
Of baſterd kinde, bred vp with mothers care,
In wilderneſſe of world for a long ſpace:
And famiſhing before my parents face,
Whoſe workes vnable were to lend me aide,
A bondman vnto ſin as fleſhly race,
To whom heauens heritage thy lawes denaide.
Amidſt my wandring courſe by thee am ſtaide,
And haue a promiſe not to die but liue,
Thy couenant Lord abundantly is paide,
If grace to ſeed by faith thou doeſt me giue.
My bondage thus releaſe, make thou me free,
My barren branch ſhall frute bring forth to thee

SON. XXI.

A Merchant I, full long abroad haue ſtraide,
By ſea and land true happineſſe to gaine,
The riches of the earth my eyes haue waide,
And ſee their profit to be light and vaine.
Such trifling traſh my ſoule doth now diſdaine,
And Iewels of more value I eſpye,
Among the reſt, one doth all other ſtaine,
Which with my wealth I wiſh that I might buye.
But this rare pearle is of a price ſo hie,
As all the earth cannot eſteeme the ſame,
Much leſſe to purchaſe it, can it come nie,
Yet doth the loue thereof my heart enflame.
Be thou the pledge (ſweet Sauior) then for me,
That heauenly bliſſe ſhall ſo my riches be.

SON. XXII.

A Mong the preaſe of many that draw neare,
Vnto the feaſt of grace in temple thine,
A ſilly widow I alſo appeare,
With humble heart o Lord, who here encline,
And vnto thee an offering of mine,
Preſent as precious, to my poore eſtate,
The heards or flocks, the ſtore of corne and wine,
Without obedience Lord thou aye didſt hate,
But broken hearts and ſoules which lye proſtrate
Before thy throne of grace, and mercy craue,
Do mercie finde, though it be neare ſo late,
Thy promiſe this aſſurance to vs gaue,
In truſt whereof, obeying thy beheſt,
My praiers to thy praiſe, o Lord are preſt.

Into

SON. XXIII.

INto thy vineyard Lord vnworthie I,
Desire to come, to trauell out the day,
Thou calledst me thereto, and didst espie
Me loytring idle, by the worldes high way:
At first to come my follies did me stay,
Whom cold and hunger now to worke compell,
Though halfe my daies be spent, say me not nay,
The other halfe to trie, employed well.
I do not hope my paines so deare to sell,
As they that beare the brunt of heat of day,
They merit most whose trauels most excell,
My slender seruice craues but single paye.
But if thy bountie giue, behold me prest,
With thanks thy grace to taste, among the rest.

SON. XXIIII.

AS thou art pure and iust in all thy waies,
(O Lord) so should thy offrings also bee:
The tongue vncleane, cannot set forth thy praise,
The wanton eye may not thy secrets see.
The lame of faith, the blind of skill not hee,
That thou alotst thy sacrifice to slay,
The heart that is found cleane in each degree,
Is fittest for thy church, wherein to stay,
Such is no flesh, ô Lord the truth to say,
But as thou pleasest them to purifie,
By faith and by repentance euerie day,
Who then with Christ, may boldly thee come nie.
Behold me then, thus thy adopted childe,
Let me not from thy temple be exilde.

SON. XXV.

I Follow thee ô Lord but far behinde,
As Peter did, when he did see thee led
To prison where the traitors did thee binde,
Amazed much with worldly seare and dred:
When as I saw the world all ouer spred,
With hatred and disdaine vnto the iust,
My courage it was quayld and quickly fled,
And had no liking to thy helpe to trust.
But Lord I know perforce I forward must,
If I intend to gaine the crowne I craue,
I must abandon flesh and fleshly lust,
And in thy promise all my hope must haue.
Grant thou me boldnesse then and constant will,
To persеuere in thy obedience still.

SON. XXVI.

OF parents first, two brothers borne that were,
The bodie and the soule did represent,
The elder Cain who Henocks wals did reare,
The yonger Abell dwelt in silly tent:
First man with plough the virgins soile he rent,
The other seru'd and shoare the silly sheepe:
To worldly lustes of flesh the one was bent,
Thy heauenly lawes the other sought to keepe.
A deadly discord twixt them so did creepe,
The elder did the giltlesse yonger slay;
That ancient hatred grounded is so deepe,
It striues in me (alas) vnto this day.
Accept my sacrifice, Lord me defend,
My powres vnto thy holie pleasure bend.

Like

SON. XXVII.

LIke pined childe ô Lord from nurſes breſt,
Whom churliſh ſtepdame ouer ſoone doth waine,
By wicked will alas I am oppreſt,
And crie to cruell fleſh behold in vaine:
Who lets me languiſhing in ſin remaine,
And ſends no comfort to ſupport my need,
My faults I know, I do confeſſe them plaine,
That folly doth my weake affections feed.
I ſee my ruine neare at hand in deed,
And cannot call for aide whoſe tong is dum,
My feete ſo feeble cannot helpe at need,
Although I ſee at hand thy vengeance come,
Vnleſſe thou giue me grace to ſee and feare,
To pray in faith and thou thy hand forbeare.

SON. XXVIII.

POlluted with the cureleſſe leproſie
Of ſin, which is heriditarie now,
So lothſome growne that I dare not come nie
Thy holy temple where my heart doth bow:
I craue ô Lord, it pleaſe thee to allow,
The high Prieſt Chriſt thy ſonne to view my ſore,
Whoſe holy hand may guide and teach me how
To cure this griefe it may returne no more.
I know ô Lord thou haſt of mercy ſtore,
And only thou doeſt pitie mans eſtate,
Which though my ſtubburne heart refuſde before,
Repentance yet and faith comes not too late.
Theſe ſparrowes of repentance I preſent
An offering through this worldly deſert ſent.

SON. XXIX.

A Virgine pure ô Lord by birth I was,
The daughter of thy church adopt by grace:
But lothsome lust (foule feend) did me alas,
Pursue and sought with me his dwelling place.
As many vertues as did seeke my grace,
By wedding band to me to be vnight,
So many did this feend, first night deface,
So oft I was depriu'd of my delight.
Seuen times a widow, I with shame and spight
Am left, and liue now hopelesse of redresse:
Till thou with Raphaell send that medicine bright,
Of God to giue me grace sinne to suppresse.
Thy sonne my spouse shalbe, who shall restore
Tobias sight, wealth, comfort, lost before.

SON. XXX.

OF sinfull rase of mans licentious seed,
Whilst heauenly ofspring with faire humane kinde:
Do ioyne affects, where wicked lusts do breed,
And so pollute the frutes of vertuous minde.
A bastard brood my selfe alas I finde,
Whose nature doth in tyrannie consist,
Of grace and reason growne so dull and blinde,
That I in wrong with stubburnesse persist.
Who seeing father Nature ere he wist,
A sleepe with sottish wine of worldly loue:
To hide his shame by wisedome had no list,
Which iustly curse of God on me did moue.
A slaue to sin, therefore I did pursue
(Like Nymrod) grace of God, which now I rue.

As

SON. XXXI.

AS oft as thou by grace wouldst draw me backe,
From sin, whereto I am by nature thrall:
So oft alas I finde my will to lacke,
And power to follow thee when thou doest call.
From sin to sin, I headlong thus do fall,
And quench repentance by a peruerse will,
I see my fall, but haue no feare at all,
And to my vomit dog-like turne I still.
My frailtie doth thy wrathfull cup fulfill,
With flowing measure of reuenge and wo:
When I returne a litle backe from ill,
To wallow in the myre againe I go.
No power is in me Lord, my life to mend,
Vnlesse thy hand from heau'n me comfort send.

SON. XXXII.

FAine would I fence this feeble flesh of mine,
From Satans furie who me thus assailes,
Which doth besiege my soule and meanes to pine,
My conscience which my sin so sore bewailes.
His busie braine to win me neuer failes,
And leaues no stratagem at all vntride:
My fainting hope I know not what it ailes,
But it doth feare the battery to abide.
The safest way must be what ere betide,
To set a watch to looke vnto my waies:
Lest pride or lust, or wrath do let him slide,
Into my heart which yet vnyeelded staies.
But like a theefe he stealeth me vpon,
Watch thou me (Lord) ech houre else I am gon.

SON. XXXIII.

MY sinnes behold (ô Lord) are manifold,
Which do incamp my soule each houre about,
Still me intrenched with distrust they hold,
So that no frutes of faith can issue out:
Their fleshly champion is a soldiar stout,
Who is assist by world and Satans aide,
And soule affections readie are in rout,
To further force to lust, but hardly staide.
The earthly treasures are with pleasure paide,
The hatefull Army which doth hast to hell:
My native power their passage not denaide,
Which makes their pride and peruerse wil to swell.
I see no way to helpe to shun decaie,
But on thy graces rescue Lord to staie.

SON. XXXIIII.

THe greedinesse of this my corrupt minde,
Which tasteth not but of the earthly gaine,
And in thy glorie can no profit finde,
But seekes with symonie my soule to staine:
Makes me alas for carnall treasor vaine,
Like Elizeus seruant to desire,
A present of worldes pleasure mixt with paine,
As recompence of heauenly comforts hire.
I sorcerer like do also oft require,
Like marchandise thy graces for to buye,
Supposing morall vertues may aspire,
To saue my soule and sin to mortifie.
But lo I see soules leprosie herein,
And craue that praiers may my pardon win.

Voyd

SON. XXXV.

VOyd of true life, and buried in the graue,
Of wicked fleth alas I long haue bin,
No earthly comfort can my conſcience haue,
Which was corrupted with all lothſome ſin.
My ſiſter vertues to diſpaire begin,
Of euer ſeeing once my lifes reſtore,
Ne is there any other way to win
True life indeed, which ſhall decay no more,
But proſtrate Lord thy helpe for to implore,
And craue thy gratious preſence at the laſt,
To aide the ſoule thy ſonne hath lou'd before,
For time of grace with thee is neuer paſt.
Roll backe hard ſtonie heart, bid him ariſe,
Who ſlaue to ſin in earthly coffin lies.

SON. XXXVI.

MY bodie Lord the houſe which hath beene long,
Poſſeſt with ſpirits to ruine of the ſame,
Which forſt me forward vnto open wrong,
Of conſcience by defacing of thy name:
Hath found ſome comfort ſince thy meſſage came
Vnto my ſoule, which in thy word was ſent,
Whoſe powerfull truth hath bound & ſeeks to tame
The furious luſts which to my ruine bent.
Graunt Lord from heart I may indeed repent,
And thereby chaſe theſe feends fro out of me,
Sweep cleane my houſe fro out of which they went,
And garniſhed with graces let it be.
Let puiſſant faith henceforth poſſeſſe the place,
Leſt ſin returne with legions of diſgrace.

SON. XXXVII.

AMidst this famine of Sarepta soile,
Where I a widow dwell, poore and abiect:
Compeld by sin, by sweat of browes to toile,
To gather stickes, from cold me to protect:
Behold me Lord, a caitiue thus neglect,
Whom sin hath banished thy blessed land:
Who yet in heart thy Prophets do affect,
And with thy church to life and death will stand.
I offer all my treasures here in hand,
That litle sparke of grace yet left behinde,
Increase it Lord vnto a great fire-brand,
Of faith which may a frutefull harueſt finde.
My meale and Oyle, ô Lord do thou encrease,
My selfe & sonne, shall praise thee so in peace.

SON. XXXVIII.

BOrne blind I was, through sinfull Adams fall,
And neuer since could see with carnall eies:
Ne know I where or how for helpe to call,
From out of sin to holie life to rise.
It pleased thee ô Lord that in this wise,
Thy power and glorie might to man appeare:
Who graceleſſe groueling in earths darkneſſe lies,
And wants the eies of faith his soule to cheare.
But since thou sentst thy sonne my Sauiour deare,
To shine in light to those in darkneſſe weare:
To dym the worldly wisedome seeming cleare,
And sinfull soules from hell to heauen to reare.
Touch thou my eies with faith, wash me with grace,
In Syloe poole (thy word) which I embrace.

How

SON. XXXIX.

HOw drunken are my humors all alaſſe,
With wine of vanitie and ſenſuall luſt,
Which from one ſin do to an other paſſe,
And after euill daily more do thurſt.
Of force my faults for ſhame confeſſe I muſt,
My lauiſh vſage of thy graces ſent:
My ſoules conſent to action ſo vniuſt,
As death of Prophets teaching to repent.
Like Herod I about the matter went,
To pleaſe the follies of my fleſh delight:
Inceſt'ous I to ſin ſo much was bent,
That offred mercie pleaſed not my ſight.
But Lord prepare my heart to ſee my ſin,
That ſorrow may away to mends begin.

SON. XL.

THough with thy Saints ô Lord I choiſe haue made,
To ſpend my daies in praiſing of thy name:
And in the ſtudie of thy word to wade,
To feed my faith with portion of the ſame.
Yet can I not my choice ſo rightly frame,
Amidſt the ſpatious fieldes where truth doth grow:
But whilſt to gather healthfull hearbe I came,
A bitter bud I found of fearfull ſhow
Which threateth me with death and ouerthrow,
Vnto my ſoule which hungerly doth feed,
On ſin the weed which Satan did beſtow,
By poiſoned taſt thereof to pine in deed.
But Chriſt thy ſonne by faith me helth ſhall bring,
Diſcharge the law, and bruſe this deadly ſting.

SON. XLI.

ACcording to the promiſe of thy word,
To giue the victorie ô Lord to thoſe,
That fight thy battels with a faithfull ſword,
Againſt the world, fleſh, duell and thy foes:
So ſeeke I Lord proud Ierico t' incloſe,
Incouragde by thy graces from aboue,
My ſhoes of foule affects I pray thee loſe,
Before on holy earth my path I moue.
Thy powerfull hand by praier let me proue,
Which daily ſeuen times I to thee direct:
Shake thou the walles of ſin for my behoue,
And in this ſkirmiſh do thou me protect.
The frutes of fleſh, pride, luſt, and error all,
So ſhall be wract, ſin ſhall not raiſe a wall.

SON. XLII.

AMidſt the graues of death theſe many a yeare,
My ſoule (poſſeſſed with all ſorts of ſin)
Hath liu'd and held that frutefull place ſo deare,
That from the ſame no counſell could me win:
To beat my ſelfe my follies neuer lin,
No reaſon can with chaines binde ſo my will,
But to vnloſe my luſts I do begin,
With helpe of furious feend who aides me ſtill.
But ſince thy ſonne appeareth me vntill,
I craue I may no more tormented bee,
Leſt that my ſoule eternally he kill,
But from the force of Satan make me free.
Theſe brutiſh ſinnes in ſwine more fit to dwell,
Drowne in repentant ſeas of teares which ſwell.

In

SON. XLIII.

IN deadly ſleepe ô Lord ſin hath me caſt,
Wherein ſecure I lye and ſo remaine,
Raiſe me ô Lord out of this dreame at laſt,
And let me ſight and light of heauen attaine:
The heauie humors which my iudgement ſtaine,
And dazell ſo the reaſon of my minde,
Grant that they may their proper vſe attaine,
And comfort in thy grace and promiſe finde.
All fleſhly wiſedome of it ſelfe is blinde,
Till thou by knowledge cleare their wandring ſight,
Out of the ſnare of ſin fleſh cannot winde,
Vnleſſe by faith they ſee thy ſonne ſo bright.
Him let me ſtill, both ſee and eke admire,
And thee in him ô Lord I thee deſire.

SON. XLIIII.

MY wicked fleſh ô Lord with ſin full fraight,
Whoſe eye doth luſt for euerie earthly thing,
By couetiſe allurde hath bit the baight,
That me to Satans ſeruitude will bring.
By violence I vertues right would wring,
Out of poſſeſſion of the ſoule ſo weake,
Like vineyard which the wicked Acab king,
Poſſeſt by tyrants power which lawes do breake.
Let Prophets thine Lord to my ſoule ſo ſpeake,
That in repentant ſackcloth I may mone,
The murther of thy grace which I did wreake,
Whilſt to my native ſtrengh I truſt alone.
And let my Sauiour ſo prolong my daies,
That henceforth I may turne from ſinfull waies.

SON. XLV.

IF thou vouchſafſt Lord of thy goodneſſe rare,
To ſanctifie with holie preſence thine,
The Cana marriage where thou doeſt not ſpare,
Firſt miracle of water turnd to wine,
Then be thou preſent at this wedding mine,
Which twixt thy church and me by faith is ment,
To ſee the want in me thy eyes encline,
Whoſe wine of grace by wanton youth is ſpent.
But being toucht with view thereof repent,
And craue that water of earthes healthles well,
May iſſue forth from heart with ſorrow rent,
And turnd to wine, may ſo with grace excell,
That all that ſee and taſt this change in me,
May grant this worke of thee alone to be.

SON. XLVI.

SInce it hath pleaſed thee ô Lord to ſend,
Now in my barren age of hope and grace:
Repentant childe from ruine to defend,
My name and ſoule to liue before thy face,
Thy bleſſings I do thankfully embrace,
And in thy feare will frame his tender yeare,
The worldes regard in me ſhall haue no place,
If once thy word and will my heart do heare.
And when thou call'ſt, we both will then appeare,
Before thy Aulter in Moriath land:
To offer vp thy gift my ſonne ſo deare,
Obedient childe to faithfull fathers hand.
Which ſacrifice not worthie gift for thee,
With Chriſt my Sauior ſufferings quit let bee.

Of

SON. XLVII.

OF euerie creature vncleane to fore,
Whereof thy holie people might not taſt,
Thou didſt preſent ô Lord to Peter ſtore,
Which were from heauen in ſheet before him plaſt,
Which he at firſt refuſde with mind moſt chaſt,
Not touching things polluted or defilde:
But afterward thy counſell he embraſt,
And ſaw himſelfe had bene before beguilde,
To thinke all ſinners were for aye exilde,
From preſence of thy mercies which abound,
Whom oft thou doeſt receiue as father milde,
If faith in Chriſt thy ſonne in them be found.
By praiers faith, by faith thy grace doth grow,
Cornelius bleſſing (Lord) on me beſtow.

SON. XLVIII.

HOw hard it is ô Lord for man to frame,
His minde corrupt, to be preparde for thee:
With tongue vncleane to praiſe thy holie name,
With fleſhly eies thy glorie for to ſee:
Homeward I bring thy bleſſings vnto me:
And make my ſoule their dwelling place to reſt:
But ſo forgetfull of thy lawes we be,
That this my action Lord I ſee not bleſt,
Pride and contempt the waies haue ſo oppreſt,
That danger is the carriage ouerthrow,
Grant that thy grace to ſtaie it may be preſt,
That ſo my ſoule thy ſauing health ma[illegible]now.
For to my fleſh vnſanctified to truſt,
Were[illegible]aie to haſten death by iudger[illegible]iuſt.

SON. XLIX.

MY traitrous heart which long time hath rebeld
Against thy ſpirit, which ſhould feed me ſtill,
A ſecret counſell in it ſelfe hath held,
To contrarie thy knowne reuealed will:
Whoſe mutinie my ſences ſo do fill,
With deeds repining to thy holie law,
That raging pride and luſt lead me to ill,
Forgetting tokens of thy wrath they ſaw.
As Dathan and Abyram had no awe
Of Moyſes and of Aron thine elect,
But ſought away thy people for to drawe,
And Prophets thine by pride for to reiect:
So doth my ſoule alas thy grace reſiſt,
And in the follies of the fleſh perſiſt.

SON. L.

A Tenant moſt vntrue ô Lord to thee,
In vineyard of my bodie haue I bin:
To craue thy rent thy ſeruants came to me,
But nothing but intreatie bad they win:
My trauell therein was to nouriſh ſin,
And waſt the wine of thy abounding plant;
The more to call me backe thou didſt begin,
The more to thee my gratitude did want.
Ne would my lacke of grace let me recant,
When thou thy onely ſonne to me didſt ſend,
For ſin and Satan did me ſo ſupplant,
That to his ruine I did alſo bend.
But Lord me lend In time repentant hart,
That from this vineyard I may not depart.

Whilſt

SON. LI.

WHilſt in the garden of this earthly ſoile,
My ſelfe to ſolace and to bath I bend,
And fain wold quench ſins heat which ſeems to boile
Amidſt my ſecret thoughts which ſhadow lend:
My ſence and reaſon which ſhould me defend,
As iudges choſen to the common weale,
Allurde by luſt my ruine do pretend,
By force of ſin which ſhameleſſe they reueale.
They ſecretly on my affections ſteale,
When modeſtie my maides I ſend away,
To whom for helpe I chiefly might appeale,
Whom grace did ſtrengthen yet to ſay them nay,
Whom me accuſde now Lord, and die I ſhall,
If Chriſt my Daniell be not iudge of all.

SON. LII.

I Iuſtly am accuſde, and now am brought
By law and gilt of conſcience I confeſſe,
Before thy throne conuict by deed and thought,
Of ſinfull luſt which did me ſo poſſeſſe,
That quickning graces thine I did ſuppreſſe,
By fading loue of world procliue to ill,
Whoſe dome eternall death and nothing leſſe,
My ſoule doth ſee, and threatneth to me ſtill.
But ſince that frailtie ſo the world doth fill,
That no one fleſhly wight thereof is free:
For mercy Lord to thee repaire I will,
Who ſeeſt the heart and canſt beſt comfort me.
Quit me from death, grant I may fall no more,
But remnant of my daies thy grace implore.

SON. LIII.

A Husbandman within thy church by grace,
I am ô Lord and labour at the plough,
My hand holds fast,ne will I turne my face,
From following thee although the soile be rough.
The loue of world doth make it seeme more tough.
And burning lust doth scorch in heat of day:
Till fainting faith would seeke delightfull bough,
To shade my soule from danger of decaie.
But yet(in hope of grace from thee) I staie,
And do not yeeld,although my courage quaile,
To rescue me be prest,I do thee praie,
If sinfull death do seeke me to assaile.
Let me runne forth my race vnto the end,
Which by thy helpe ô Lord I do entend.

SON. LIIII.

A Base borne sonne to sin by kinde I am,
From natiue soile by want of grace exilde:
Of idle fancies captaine I became,
Whilst I in Tob my resting place did bilde.
With worldly vanities I was defilde,
Till home thou calst me by thy heauenly word:
Who trusting to my selfe was soone beguilde,
When I sought workes to be a conquering sword,
Whose vowes did seeme a present to afford,
Of frute of victorie at my returne:
Which rathnesse hath a mischiefe great incurd,
Compelling me my owne desertes to burne.
And now I mourne,and better frute do craue,
The blessing of thy sonne Lord let me haue.

When

SON. LV.

WHen thou vouchſafedſt Lord to raiſe my ſtate,
From baſe degree of common humane kinde:
And gau'ſt me knowledge and a will to hate,
Ech wickedneſſe contrarie to thy minde,
By promiſe thou didſt me moſt ſtrictlie binde,
To ſlaie each wicked ſeed which doth poſſeſſe,
My ſinfull fleſh (Amalekite moſt blinde)
Which vertue and thy grace ſeekes to ſuppreſſe.
But wretched I alas I do confeſſe,
Haue kept a part of that accurſed ſpoile
Vndaunted, which thou ſeeſt nere the leſſe,
And therefore wilt accurſe my ſinfull ſoile.
And take from me the kingdome thou didſt giue,
Except thy mercie do my ſoule relieue.

SON. LVI.

THe onelie daughter Lord of my delight,
Dina the vertue of my iudgement beſt:
Is rauiſhed alas by Satans might,
Whil'ſt I ſecure in Hiuits countrie reſt
In worldlie vanities a wandering gueſt,
Amongſt the wicked I remainde a while,
Where ſillie ſhe, by fooliſh will addreſt,
Gazde on thoſe godleſſe youths which her beguile:
For luſtfull Sichem ſonne to ſin moſt vile,
Did laie a traine of loue which led to ſhame:
Whoſe flattering ſpeech did modeſtie exile,
And left a ſpot of guilt and foule defame.
But faith & zeale (the firſt frutes of my ſtrength)
By grace ſhall venge my honour iuſt at length.

SON. LVII.

THe silly babe the motion of the minde,
Which natiue vertue seeketh forth to bring,
Concupiscence (the midwise most vnkinde)
To deadly sin and Satan straight doth fling:
The mothers power suffiseth not to wring,
Out of this tyrants hands her dying childe,
Her mone to see, it is a pittious thing,
When reasons lawes so leaudly are defilde.
But if thy fauour Lord be reconcilde,
By loue vnto thy sonne, by him to mee:
Then though my hope of grace be neare exilde,
Yet thou a childe Of faith wilt let me see.
A coffin Lord of comfort for me make,
Where safe I may swim in the worlds wilde lake.

SON. LVIII.

WHere shall I build ô Lord a quiet rest,
To bring forth birds of turtle Pigeons kinde?
My wearied wings do wander without rest,
And cannot gaine a harbour to my minde.
The Swallow Lord a setling place doth finde,
Within thy temple free from Eagles claw,
Not moued with tempestuous stormes of winde,
Or dangers which their kind doth stand in awe.
A place as fit for me, my faith once saw,
Whereas my soule might safely be inclosd,
Thy Church inuisible to which I draw,
My life retirde therein to be reposd.
Make frutefull Lord my barren heart therein,
Shield me from storme of still assailing sin.

Whilst

SON. LIX.

WHilſt in the vale of carnall ſenſe I dwell,
Foule Sodome ſinke of ſin and badge of ſhame,
Of whoſe polluted nature I do ſmell,
And aptly bend my ſelfe to them to frame:
Sent by thy mercie Lord thy Angels came,
And did vouchſafe a harbor to accept,
Within my ſoule which did profeſſe thy name;
But Satan who a watch on me had kept,
When as theſe gueſts within my couſcience ſlept,
Inuironed with luſt my harbor weake,
For ſorrow of this ſin my ſoule it wept,
Whilſt violently my bodies bands they breake.
But ſtrike thou blinde their fury, them expell,
Take me Lord from the flame of burning hell.

SON. LX.

MY bodie Lord infected long with ſin,
Whoſe running iſſue is almoſt paſt cure,
Which helpe by humane phiſicke cannot win,
And without comfort cannot long endure,
By viewing mercies thine becommeth ſure,
If but thy gratious hem my hand may reach,
That loue in Chriſt my pardon ſhall procure,
And reunite in ſtrength healths former breach.
Through preſſe of worldly lets, faith ſhall me teach,
To ſeeke my ſafetie in thy promiſe true,
Vouchſafe thou eke repentance ſo to preach,
That I no more offending, health inſue
Thy vertue Lord, which bidding me be cleane,
To yeeld me health of ſoule is readie meane.

SON. LXI.

NOw that I see ô Lord my open shame,
Conuict of sin and voyd of clothing pure:
Which couer might my soule which naked came
Of grace, and me from storme of world assure.
I do mistrust my selfe long to endure,
The heate and cold which feare and frailtie bring,
And clothing of my owne workes to procure,
I finde in deed to be a fruteleſſe thing.
To hide my selfe vnder thy mercies wing,
I therefore haſten now in hope of grace:
Grant I beseech the world no more me wring,
Out of thy handes, but let me see thy face,
With faith and comfort clothed by thy hand,
And Christ thy sonne in my defence to stand.

SON. LXII.

WHilst that the chosen chiefraines of thy word,
Do bend their power by preaching to subdue
The fleshly Canaan, and put sin to sword,
And giue the soule to be possest a new
With righteous Israel, vnto whom of due,
Those earthly blessings rather do pertaine:
They send two spies my secret thoughts to vew,
The law and Gospell which discouer plaine
My fainting force in feare for to remaine,
Where yet repentant Rahab readie is
To lodge them safe, whilst Satan seekes in vaine,
To slaie these messengers of heauenly blis.
I craue therefore sweet Sauiour for a fine,
Faith bearing frutes as pledge of safetie mine.

How

SON. LXIII.

HOw oft ô Lord with more then tender care,
Hast thou by Prophets cald me to repent,
How great thy loue by sonne which didst not spare,
To staie me backe from hell whereto I went:
Who to that end from heauen to earth was sent,
Whose graces daily preached offred peace,
And sought to stop my course to ruine bent,
And me from guilt of death for to release:
Like as the henne whose voice doth neuer cease,
To clocke her chickens close vnder her wings,
When furious foules on silly pray do prease,
And would deuour alas the helpless things.
O Lord thy care I feele and loue of me,
That thrall to Satan wouldst not haue me be.

SON. LXIIII.

WHilst with the wholesome food of heauenly truth,
The Manna which thy written word doth giue,
Thou soughts ô Lord to feed my wandring youth,
That it in plenteous peace by grace might liue:
By lust to Satan sought my soule to giue,
To breake obedient bandes vnto thy law,
Which my offences I protest do grieue
My helpless heart, the which delight did draw.
The memory of Egypts store I saw,
Of vanities which carnall senses feed,
And wisht at length to fill againe my maw,
With dishes such as to destruction lead.
Thou in thy wrath with quailes didst cloy me so,
That plagu'd with sin my error now I know.

SON. LXV.

SInce thou haſt rayſd my poore abiected ſpright,
From threſhing floore, where captiue I did ſtand,
And calleſt me thy battels for to fight,
Gainſt ſin the Madianite which waſts thy land.
Giue me a token by thy mightie hand,
O Lord whereby my faith may be aſſurde,
And be to me a pledge of former band,
That victorie by me ſhall be procurde:
Let heauenly dew by praier be allurde,
To moyſten this my freewill fleece of wooll,
Then dry the dregs thereof to ſin inurde,
Whoſe heauy waight makes grace and vertue dull.
And offring mine of praiers to thy name,
Acc[illegible]s, and with a holy zeale inflame.

SON. LXVI.

WHilſt that in wealth and eaſe I did poſſeſſe
The Empire of thy many bleſſings ſent,
I tooke in hand poore vertue to ſuppreſſe,
And pride with luſt my powers they wholly bent,
To conquere reaſon which thy grace had lent,
And quite forgetting worlds late floud for ſin:
To build a tower of truſt, wherein I ſpent
The ſtrength of fleſh & bloud, high heauen to win:
As though in natures ſtrength the force had bin,
To ſhield themſelues from floud or heauenly fire,
But now confuſion iuſt my ſoule is in,
Makes labouring fleſh from folly ſuch retire.
And craues alone within thy church to dwell,
Whoſe wals of faith & truth may death expell.

The

SON. LXVII.

THe Temple Lord of this my bodie base,
Where thou vouchsafdst to place my soule to dwell,
And promisest to make thy chosen place,
Whence sacrifice of praises thou wouldst smell,
Behold against thy lawes doth now rebell,
By worldly vanities thereto allurde,
Where couetise and pride their packe doth sell,
At such a price as flesh and sin affoord,
But since ô Lord thy promise hath assurde
My soule, that thou art alwaies prest to heare
The plaints of penitents, which hath procurde
Thy sonne himselfe in temple this t'appeare.
Whip forth, fling down, this worldly wicked pack,
Fro out my soule, repell thou satan back.

SON. LXVIII.

WIthin thy house this bodie base of mine,
Irpleased thee ô Lord my soule to plant,
A steward of the gifts the which were thine,
And nature fild with measure nothing scant,
Of bodie or of mind, no blessings want,
And fortunes fauours sharde with me no lesse,
In such proportion Lord I needs must grant,
As thou doest giue when thou doest vse to blesse
But wantonly I wasted, I confesse,
Thy treasure put into my hands of trust,
And now alas though late I seeke redresse,
Wise steward like to liue, when dye I must.
I cast my count by Christ, my debt to paie,
And frutes of faith from hell my soule shall staie.

SON. LXIX.

NOw that it pleaſeth thee Lord of thy grace,
To plucke me forth of ſinfull Sodoms lake,
Where I haue dwelt alas this life long ſpace,
Since I of holie Abram leaue did take.
Vouchſafe I pray thee for thy mercies ſake,
To graunt thy church be refuge for my life,
The Zoar where I may my dwelling make,
Safe from reuenging Angels bloudie knife.
And though the frailtie of Lots lingering wife
Lookt back, with loue, on ſinfull worlds delight,
(Which common weakneſſe to all fleſh is rife)
Yet keepe me conſtant by thy heauenly might,
And let me not grow drunke with bleſſings thine,
To procreate ſin on luſtfull daughters mine.

SON. LXX.

WHilſt in this worldly wilderneſſe about,
For want of faith I backeam forſt to go,
Affraid of ſinnes which Giant-like are ſtout,
And foule affections, which like cruell foe
Of Eſawes race, their might and power beſtow,
To ſtop my paſſage to the promiſt land:
I gin to faint and to repine alſo,
Againſt the power of thy moſt mightie hand.
For which the Serpent Satan now doth ſtand,
In readineſſe my ſilly ſoule to ſting,
And cloſe me vp in deaths eternall band,
Vnleſſe to me thy mercie ſuccour bring.
That braſen Serpent Chriſt nayld on the tree,
Whoſe ſight by faith alone is cure to mee.

What

SON. LXXI.

WHat am I elſe Lord but a ſinfull wretch,
In ſin and in iniquitie begot,
In conſcience guiltie of the common breach,
Of euerie law that may my honor ſpot:
Thy bleſſings giu'n me, I regarded not:
Thy threatned iugdements I did not eſteeme,
My vowes to thee I wholly haue forgot,
My ſinnes no ſinnes to hardned heart do ſeeme.
Like to my ſelfe I did thy power deeme,
Becauſe thou didſt forbeare thy rod a while,
I ſought by Idols ayd to heauen to clime,
Whilſt worlds delight my ſenſes did beguile:
But helpleſſe now, alas I turne to thee,
To ſtay my race, let grace Lord ſuccour mee.

SON. LXXII.

THou formedſt me at firſt out of the clay,
Vnto the image of thy glorious frame,
O Lord of might thou ſhewdſt to me the way,
To magnifie thy pure and holie name.
Like Potters veſſell firſt my modell came,
Out of a rude vnformed lumpe of earth,
To holy vſe it pleaſd thee me reclaime,
Before my life tooke vſe of carnall breath.
Thou fedſt me in the common humane dearth,
Of knowledge of thy will, with ſuch a taſt
Of pleaſing frute, as fild my ſoule with mirth,
And readie makes me now no more to waſt,
Thy offred mercies, which ſo bleſſe in me,
Of glorie that I may a veſſell be.

SON. LXXIII.

A Seruant Lord euen from my day of byrth,
I vowed was by parents vnto thee,
A Nazaris I liued on the earth,
And kept the vowes as grace did strengthen mee,
Till satan made me worlds deceipt to see,
And trapt my senses with forbidden lust,
As Eue did tast of the restrained tree,
So fond affections did me forward thrust:
A sinfull Philistine of faith vniust,
To like, to loue, to craue, to wed, to wife,
Thy grace my strength to her reueale I must,
Till she to Satan sell my slumbring life.
A prisoner I thus scornd and voyd of sight,
Sinnes house to ouerthrow, craue heauenly might.

SON. LXXIIII.

WHilst in the plentie of thy blessings sent,
I seeke to solace Lord my selfe secure,
And gazing on worlds beautie long I went,
In pridefull tower which did prospect procure:
I saw the baytes of sin, which did allure
My idle thoughts to follow wicked lust,
My kindled passions could not long endure,
But vnto furious flames breake forth they must,
I did pollute my soule, by fraude vniust,
And rest thy grace from his true wedded wife,
And that I might away all mendment thrust,
I did bereaue my knowledge of his life.
Whose bastard frutes slaie Lord, but let her liue,
That penitent we may thee praises giue.

SON. LXXV.

A Seruant ſold to ſin ô Lord I am,
Whom Satan (Syrian proud) doth ſore aſſaile,
Nine hundred Chariots of deſire there came,
Armed with luſt which ſought for to preuaile:
And to ſubdue my ſtrength they cannot faile,
Vnleſſe thou raiſe my fainting ſtrength by grace,
Let conſtant faith the flying furie naile
To ground, where groueling is his reſting place:
Then ſhall my ſoule with Debora imbrace,
In thankfull wiſe thy mercies I receiue,
And ſo purſue the fleſhly Canaans race,
Till I the furie of the ſame bereaue.
And with my ſong thy ſeruants ſhall accord,
To yeeld due praiſe to thee the liuing Lord.

SON. LXXVI.

MY ſoule like ſilly Ioſeph Lord was ſold,
By fleſhly brethren his, (vnkind alas,)
To vanities the merchants which behold
From far they ſaw to Egipt, which do paſſe.
A ſeruant vnto Iſmaels ſeed it was,
And ſold from ſin to death, and ſo to hell,
Of humane frailtie Lord a looking glaſſe,
In which all foule affections long did dwell.
Yet lo alas when ſin ſeekes moſt t' excell,
And haue my mind conſent to traitrous luſt,
With grace ô Lord, that enemy repell,
And heare my praiers, who in thee do truſt.
Who though a ſpace in bodies priſon ſtaies,
Yet Lord at length vouchſafe to heauen to raiſe.

SON. LXXVII.

SO blinde ô Lord haue my affections bin,
And ſo deceitfull hath bin Satans ſlight,
That to giue credit I did firſt begin,
To pride and luſt as heauenly powers of might:
I offred all my ſences with delight,
A ſacrifice to feed thoſe Idols vaine,
Of all the preſents proffred day and night,
Naught vnconſumde I ſaw there did remaine;
Till that thy Prophets by thy word made plaine,
The falſhood by the which I was deceiued,
How Satans kingdome made hereof a gaine,
And wickedneſſe my hope and faith bereaued.
But now the ſifted aſhes of thy word,
Bewraies Bels Prieſts: ſlaies dragon without ſword

SON. LXXVIII.

A Wicked theefe that oft haue robd and ſlaine,
Thy graces of their frute, my ſelfe of bliſſe,
Now on the croſſe of conſcience I remaine,
To die the death the which eternall is:
I ſee no way to quit my ſelfe of this,
Vnleſſe thou Lord whoſe kingdome is aboue,
Remember me and canſell life amiſſe,
Out of thy memorie through Chriſt thy loue:
Who in my fleſh with me like death did proue,
That guiltleſſe he, might guilties ranſome bee.
Loue to my ſoule it was, that did him moue,
The bands of death to bide to make vs free:
Bleſſe thou my tong, increaſe thou faith in mee,
This night to be in paradiſe with thee.

In

SON. LXXIX.

IN bondage long to Satan haue I bin,
A maker of the bricke of Babell tower,
By birth a thrall to grosse and filthie sin,
Whom lusts taskmakers doth attend eeh houre,
Affection to the flesh doth cleane defloure,
The memorie and loue of promist lands,
The fiend euen Pharo seeketh to deuoure
My soule, and chaine me to his dreadfull bands:
But Lord receiue me safe into thy hands,
Protect me from the rigor of his might,
Quench thou the force of lusts inflamed brands,
In my defence giue me true faith to fight.
Send Moyses Lord with power of heauenly sword,
And Aaron to direct me by thy word.

SON. LXXX.

A Moabit I was of cursed kinde,
Vnkinde vnto thy church Lord, and to thee,
Who sought by ayde of fooliſh Balaam blinde,
To captiuate the soule that should be free,
Incestuous frutes of that high climing tree,
Which doth subdue all reason and all grace,
A carnall kinsman by a neare degree
Vnto the soule, the which I haue in chase.
Whom I with lothsome sin sought to deface,
And basterdise with carnall fond affect,
Whose offspring thou vnto the tenth mans race,
Didst once out of thy sanctuary reiect.
Yet now by faith made free of Iury land,
A suter here before thy throne doth stand.

SON. LXXXI.

LO how I groueling vnder burden lie,
Of sin, of shame, of feare Lord of thy sight,
My guilt so manifold dare not come nie
Thy throne of mercy, mirror of thy might:
With hidden and with ignorant sinnes I fight,
Dispairing and presumptuous faults also,
All fleshly frailtie on my backe doth light,
Originall and actuall with me go.
Against a streame of lusts my will would roe
To gaine the shoare of grace, the port of peace,
But floods of soule affections ouerfloe,
And sinke I must, I see now no release:
Vnlesse my Sauior deare this burden take,
And faith a ship of safetie for me make.

SON. LXXXII.

FRom Iuda wandring Lord to Iericho,
From holie law of thine to carnall lust,
Whilst midst the preasse of leaud affects I go,
I robbed am, of rayment pure and iust
And wounded lye Lord groueling in the dust,
Not any passer by can giue me aide,
In fleshly strength, or friendship is no trust,
By high way seene, to helpe me few haue staide:
But since my Sauior Christ on crosse hath paide,
A raunsome rich to cure my bleeding sore,
By faith to craue the frutes I am not affraide,
In hope my health thereby for to restore.
Bind vp my wounds with balme, lead me to rest,
Giue me such gifts of grace as like thee best.

This

SON. LXXXIII.

THis slender Citie Lord of strength behold,
Wherein I dwell, Bethulia my bower,
Of flesh whereto sin laies a battry bold,
And seeks with sword & death my soules deuower.
Suppresse thou hellish Holofernes power,
Who prides himselfe in praie of children thine,
I haue no trust in mountaines, wals, nor tower,
For want of faithes true fountaine we shall pine.
Raise vp this femalde couragde heart of mine,
Strengthen my hand to reue this monsters hed,
Let me not tast deceiptfull follies wine,
Nor be polluted with woelds sinfull bed.
But constantly by faith fight in defence
Of feeble flesh, and driue thy enemies thence.

SON. LXXXIIII.

NOt that my faith doth faint a whit is cause,
That I so instant am on thee to call,
O God of life, but yeelding to thy lawes,
Before thy sight, my soule these teares lets fall
Which in thy bottle kept I know are all,
And quench the fury of thy burning ire,
Which sin enflamde, and qualifie it shall
The quarrell which hath set thy wrath on fire,
If fervently the childe due food desire
Of father, he will not giue him a stone,
If of the wicked, justice man require
Importunely, some iustice will be showne.
More righteous iudge and father thou to mee,
Art Lord indeed, and far more kind wilt bee.

Sith

SON. LXXXV.

THe many trials Lord that I haue found,
Since out of Egipt darkneſſe I am brought,
Might witneſſe well how in thee ſtill abound,
Power, mercy, truth, wherby thy workes are wrought
But foule diſpaire againſt my faith hath fought,
Amidſt the wilderneſſe wherein I ſtay,
And daintier food my fond affections ſought,
Then Manna which thou ſentſt me euery day.
The deſert Zyn doth fountaine pure denay,
Of grace wherewith to quench my fainting ghoſt,
Eternall death expects my ſoule as pray,
And luſt aſſalts me with a hideous hoſt.
Stretch forth hād lord, ſmite thou my hart of ſtone,
With rod of true repentance, griefe and mone.

SON. LXXXVI.

THou haſt ô Lord of mercy me enricht,
With flocks of fauour, and of graces great,
Since I in Bethell firſt the piller pitcht,
Of praiſes to thy name and mercies ſeat,
Yet fleſhly Eſawes foule affections threat,
A ruine to the frute faith ſhould forth bring,
With pleaſing humors him for to intreat,
I feare it be too ſoule a dangerous thing.
Shield me Lord vnder thy protecting wing
Of mercy, which may ſaue from Satans rage,
My heart and voyce ſhall ſtill thy praiſes ſing,
If thou the malice of my foes aſſwage.
In Sychem ſhall my heart an alter reare,
The mightie God to loue, to ſerue, to feare.

SON. LXXXVII.

THe talent which thou pleaſeſt Lord to giue,
To me thy ſeruant that I ſhould beſtow,
Whilſt in thy ſeruice on the earth I liue,
My diligent increaſe thereof to ſhow,
I haue abuſed Lord too long I know,
And feare thy comming to be nigh at hand,
I ſee for breach of dutie what I owe,
And of thy iudgements do in terror ſtand:
Thy grace hath left me in a forreine land,
Where vnexpert of vertue I do ſtraie,
I ſhall be throwne to Satans thralfull band,
Voyd of thy heauenly ioy and bliſſe for aye,
Vnleſſe thou helpe, for thou doeſt vſe to giue,
Grace vnto grace, and faith from faithleſſe driue.

SON. LXXXVIII.

SInce that it pleaſeth thee thy ſelfe to ſhow,
A iuſt reuenger Lord of Heath'niſh ſin,
And bring the pride of bold Philiſtines low,
Who thee defame, when holy Arke they win.
Now that to fetch it home I do begin,
And in the temple of my heart to place,
Grant ſo I may thy ſecrets ſee therein,
That plagues for my preſumption do not chaſe
It ſo from me, as they that fled the face
Of glorie thine, which therein did appeare:
Let faith and loue draw home by truſtie trace,
The conſtant cart whoſe carriage is ſo deare;
And let me order ſo this holie worke,
That dregs of ſin not in my deeds may lurke.

SON. LXXXIX.

IN famine great of grace, and comfortleſſe,
Thy ſeruant Lord doth in Samaria dwell,
For Lord fierce Aram doth with ſin oppreſſe
The citie where my ſoule to harbour fell:
I want the ſtrength his armies to repell,
Of luſt and of affections moſt vncleane,
My mind whoſe loue doth motherlike excell,
Her childrēs (thoughts of mēdment) ſees ſo leane:
That forſt by famine ſhe can find no meane,
To feed them long, her faith ſo poore is growne,
That natiue pitie now ſecluding cleane,
Her greedie nature doth deuour her owne.
Releeue in time this ſiege, Lord cauſe a feare
Of thee, this camp of cruell ſin to reare.

SON. XC.

ON ſweet and ſauorie bread of wholeſome kinde,
Which in thy word thou offreſt ſtore to mee,
To feed vpon the fleſh doth lothing finde,
And leaues to leane ô Lord only on thee:
The leauen of the Phariſies will bee,
The ſurfet to my ſoule and death in fine,
Which coueting to taſt forbidden tree,
To carnall rules and reaſons do incline:
Solauiſhly my luſts do taſt the wine,
Which ſowreſt grapes of ſin filles in my cup,
That lo my teeth now ſet on edge I pine,
Not able wholeſome food to ſwallow vp.
Vnleſſe thou mend my taſt, and heart doeſt frame,
To loue thy lawes, and praiſe thy holy name.

Out

SON. XCI.

OVt of thy flock ô Lord through my defect,
A filly sheepe my selfe behold am lost,
To seeke me forth in time do not neglect,
Since I so precious price to thee haue cost:
By many by-paths Lord my feete haue crost,
And cannot find the way vnto thy fold,
Through many stormes of deep despaire thus tost,
To craue thy aide at last I now am bold:
If thou of silly groat that count doest hold,
That thou doest search the house to find the same,
No doubt my soule to sin by nature sold,
May mercy find by calling on thy name.
The Saints in heauen conuerts gaine reioyce,
On earth thy praise is song, in heart and voice.

SON. XCII.

BEhold amidst worlds desert all alone,
Seduced by the frailtie of the sprite,
Accompanied with fleshly comfort none,
My soule with sin compelled is to fight
Where suddenly alas before my sight,
I Satan see, me ready to assaile,
By two his seruants which are most of might,
Presumption and dispaire, which seldome faile,
The best perfection of mans strength to quaile,
By pride, or want of faith, or couetise,
By lust or gluttony, or fained vaile
Of vertue, which doth many sinnes disguise.
But chase him Lord away by written word,
Which is more sharpe then his two edged sword.

SON. XCIII.

THe dreame which thou to Pharo didſt reueale,
Thou in my ſelfe haſt made me ſee in deed,
The ſtate alas of mans weake common weale,
Whereas affections of all ſorts do feed,
The frutefull ſoyle of grace ſome whiles did breed,
Full faire effects in truth of heauenly kinde,
But many barren thoughts alas ſucceed,
And threaten famine to a vertuous minde.
Store of ſuch yeares alas I feare behinde,
Which Lord will ſtarue the comfort of my faith,
Vnleſſe thy mercy and thy wiſedome finde,
A ſtore houſe to laie vp what ſcripture ſaith.
In hope of which thy goodneſſe lo I liue,
Which of thy grace Lord do thou to me giue.

SON. XCIIII.

THe ſeed which thou the husbandman haſt ſowde,
Within my ſoule ô Lord by Prophets hand,
Hath taken roote at laſt by deaw beſtowde,
From heauenly grace which fructifies my land:
But lo I ſaw the worlds deceipt to ſtand
In readineſſe to mingle tares therein,
Whilſt ſleeping, me in vanities he fand,
He made my frutes to ouerflow with ſin:
But ere thy harueſt to approach begin,
Vouchſafe to weed theſe frailties ſo away,
That when thy corne is to be gathered in,
I may be cleane and in thy garner ſtay.
Burne Lord with chaſtiſement my fleſhly luſt,
And cleanſe my life by faith both pure and iuſt.

What

SON: XCV.

WHat ſtrength hath man? wherin may he repoſe
A power to ſtay him in a vertuous way?
To loue thy flocke thou Lord my ſoule haſt choſe,
Whom to obey my vowes and words did ſay:
But in my power alas there is no ſtay,
For light temptations made me cleane forget
My dutie to my Lord, and to denay
Him who thus long I haue too lightly ſet:
But now my heart with teares my cheekes doth wet,
In ſorrow of my ſo inconſtant faith,
Repentance hath my ſin before me ſet,
And conſcience now my error duly way'th.
Grant that thy word crow thriſe & thriſe to mee,
And warne me of my dutie vnto thee.

SON. XCVI.

THe malice of this monſter auncient foe
Of man, and of the church which thou didſt plant,
Euen Satan Herod-like about doth goe,
To make my frutes of faith to grow more ſcant,
Whilſt yet with weakneſſe feeble youth doth pant,
And wanteth grace to ſtrengthen their eſtate,
The motions of the mind doth ſtraight recant,
To ſee ſoules ſafetie which ſin faine would hate.
The counſels of affections do debate,
And do conclude to murder vertues breed,
Luſt, pride and enuy, open wide the gate,
To furious fleſh, that doth the wicked deed.
My ſoule (their mother) mourns ô Lord their end,
My future frutes of grace do thou defend.

SON. XCVII.

SO foolish Lord haue my affections bin,
So careleſſe of the bleſſing thou doeſt giue,
So prone my nature vnto euerie ſin,
So thankleſſe of thy grace by which I liue,
That violently thy loue away I driue,
And ſell the patrimony to enſue,
I carry water in an open ſiue,
And change for lentil pottage birthright due.
Too late alas my folly I do rue,
Who wordls delight preferred haue ſo long,
Reiecting heauenly knowledge treaſure true,
Vnto my ſoule impoſing open wrong,
Yet not ſo late O Lord I pardon craue,
But yet one bleſſing thou for me wilt haue.

SON. XCVIII.

A Sinfull Syrian Lord my father was,
Exilde from Paradiſe by iuſt deſert,
I wandred into Egipt, there alas
To finde in world ſome food to pleaſe my heart:
Where ſeruill bondage vnto ſin and ſmart,
I ſuffered ſo long through Satans rage,
That heauenly aide I crau'd thence to depart,
Which only able was my griefe t'aſſwage.
From ſilly ſeruant and an abiect page,
Thou broughtſt me forth to knowledge of thy truth
(The bleſſed land) and ſhowdſt me on a ſtage,
A patterne how to guide my wandring youth,
Such frutes therfore as faithful ſoile doth yeeld,
I offer here firſt crop of bleſſed field.

I ſee

SON. XCIX.

I See alas, proud Satan hath too long
Defrauded thee, ô Lord of that is thine,
And loue of world hath drawne me vnto wrong,
Whose heart thy offrings to bestow repine:
My outward knees vnto thee do incline,
My tong doth promise present of my store,
I say these gratious gifts are none of mine,
But will them all thy Aulter laie before.
But vanities doth presse me euermore,
And want of faith to leaue some part behinde,
Although I see death readie at the dore,
My hollow heart and leaud deceipt to finde.
Grant that I may my soule, my power, my will,
Present ô Lord to serue thee only still.

SON. C.

SInce thou by grace out of wilde Olive stocke,
Hast pleasd me Lord within thy church to plant,
And recken me as of thy proper flocke,
Who else all pleasant frute by nature want,
Vouchsafe my thankfull frutes be not so scant,
As cause thee to reiect me backe againe,
Of former bountie Lord do not recant,
But let me in thy garden still remaine:
By mercy not by merit I attaine,
This blessing promised so long before,
Let not this gift of thine returne in vaine,
But let thy goodnesse multiply the more.
Make sweet the frutes which bitter are by kinde,
Increase thy grace in bodie and in minde.

CONCLVSION.

MOurne thou no more my ſoule, thy plaint is hard,
The bill is canſeld of the debt it owes,
The vaile is rent, which thee before debard,
And Chriſt his righteouſneſſe on thee beſtowes.
Thus comfort to the patient alwaies growes,
If they attend the time God hath aſſignde,
Our ſtrength to beare, our maker beſt he knowes,
And at a need is readie for to finde.
Our Sauiour is ſo mercifull and kinde,
Vnto our ſelues he will not leaue vs long,
He caſtes our faults through loue his back behinde,
And turnes our plaints into more pleaſant ſong.
And when we are euen at the gates of hell,
His glorie, mercie, power, doth moſt excell.

THE

THE SECOND part of Christian passions,

Containing a hundred Sonets of comfort, ioy, and thankesgiuing.

PREFACE.

SOme men do mourne for suddeine ioy, they say,
And some likewise in midst of sorrow sing,
Such diuers frutes do passion often bring,
As reason cannot course of Nature stay,
And happie sure he is (I not denay)
That both these motions hath from heart contrite,
When frailtie of his flesh appeares to sight,
And mercy calling him backe from decay.
Who can behold the flesh and spirit fight,
The doubtfull issue and danger of the thing,
The losse whereto our nature might vs fling,
And gaine which grace doth giue, through Sauiors (might,
And not delight, To glorifie his name,
And yet lament to see his natiue shame.

SONET I.

AS through a mist, or in a cloud a farre,
I see a glimse of heauenly grace to shine,
And to reuiue the fainting faith of mine,
And spirits which with darknesse shadowed are.
The fleshly fog of sin did iudgement barre,
Of proper vse, of power of reason sound,
Which in first parents frankly did abound,
And better part of natures strength did marre.
But since my eyes of grace a sight haue found,
Of that eternall light which doth incline,
Fro out these fogs of feare I hope t' vntwine,
And force of fainting faith for to confound,
And on a ground More firme wil build my trust,
And that in Christ whose promises are iust.

SON. II.

CLeng'd are the cloudes and darknesse fled away,
And now in triumph doth my sauiour ride,
Sin, hell, nor death, dare not his sight abide,
The world nor Satan can his progresse stay.
This piercing light of truth shall so bewray
Ech stratagem their practise doth deuise
Against my soule, that there shall not arise
One cloud of care to darken this my day.
But that my thoughts (like to the Pilate wise)
Shall looke about, lest that my heart should slide,
And by this sonne my course so constant guide,
That all their slightes shall not my soule disguise,
Which now espies The malice they me owe,
Which log they clothd with shade of pleasant show.

When

SON. III.

WHen as my conſcience layeth forth before
My thoughts the ſinnes which daily I commit,
I thinke my ſelfe an inſtrument vnfit,
To witneſſe forth thy glory any more:
But when I ſee that ſin was firſt the dore,
By which death entred and ſuch hold did take,
That death did firſt our want apparant make.
And want firſt cauſe that man did ayd implore,
That praiers firſt thy mercies do awake,
That mercies do renue our dulled wit,
That ioyed heart ſhould not vnthankfull ſit,
And thanks to thee doth fleſhly glory ſhake,
It ſtraight doth ſlake The fear which bad me ſtay,
And bids me ſtill proceed to praiſe and pray.

SON. IIII.

SInce to ſo holy vſe I conſecrate
The fifty talent Lord thou lentſt to me,
That it a trumpe vnto thy praiſe might be,
And witneſſe of their woe that thou doeſt hate.
Thou wilt ô Lord forget the abiect ſtate
Of fleſh and bloud, baſe mettle of my frame,
And ſince that thou haſt ſanctified the ſame.
Thou wilt giue grace my weakneſſe to abate.
Thou that my former wandring will doeſt tame,
And me prepare in minde to honour thee,
Canſt giue me gifts the which thereto agree,
How ere my proper power be weake and lame,
So ſhall thy name Be precious in my ſight,
And in thy praiſe ſhall be my whole delight.

SON. V.

WOuld God I were as readie to confeſſe,
And yeeld thee praiſe ſweet Sauiour day by day,
As for to craue my wants I 'am forward ay,
And feruently at need I do thee preſſe,
To beg of thee alone, thou wilt no leſſe,
Becauſe thou onely able art to giue,
And with each needfull thing by which we liue,
Thou promiſeſt our prayers for to bleſſe;
But we with vſe of them ſhould not ſo ſtay,
And onely ſeeke to thee when need doth driue,
(Whoſe bleſſings running through an open ſiue,
No praiſe for recompence vnto thee pay)
But when we pray, We ſhould thee laud alſo:
Our thankful harts with bountie thine ſhould go.

SON. VI.

I Haue begun ô Lord to run the race,
Where fleſh and bloud againſt the world muſt fight,
On heauenly kingdome gazing with my ſight,
Where is appointed ſcope of reſting place,
Winged with the will of zeale of heauenly grace,
I do indeuor alwayes to proceed,
In conſtant courſe vnto the arke indeed,
Where in thy mercies I behold thy face.
A feruent faith it doth my courage feed,
And make my heauie limbs become more light,
When in thy ſonne I ſee thy glorie bright,
The pledge vnto my ſoule that hope ſhall ſpeed,
This bleſſed ſeed Thou haſt Lord ſowne in me,
And all the frutes ſhal to thee offred be.

Where

SON. VII.

WHere shall I finde fit words or proper phraſe,
Wherewith to witneſſe all the loue I owe?
Whoſe grateſull minde in thankfulneſſe doth grow,
And to the world thy worthineſſe would blaſe.
Vnfruteſully the greater ſort do gaſe,
Vpon thy workes and bleſſings they receiue,
And careleſly thy honor they bereaue,
And ſuffer chance or wit thy fame to raſe,
Whilſt vnacknowledged thy loue they leaue,
Forgetting all the giſts thou doeſt beſtow,
Whoſe blinded nature ſo doth ouerflow,
That moſt vnkind to thee, themſelues they ſhow.
But ſince I know By grace thy bleſſing great,
My pen thy praiſes alwaies ſhall repeat.

SON. VIII.

THe more I ſeeke to dedicate my power,
In celebrating of thy honour great,
Whoſe throne is fixed in thy mercies ſeat,
The more my dutie groweth euerie hower,
Some times with Eagles ſight aloft I tower,
And ſeeme to ſee the glorie of thy ſonne,
But ere my willing wings haue ſcarſe begunne
To mount, they drop with clog of heauie ſhower
Vpon the hill of truth I footing wonne,
By faith which laboureth with feruent heat,
Of worthie praiſes thine for to intreat,
But ere I haue begune my worke is donne.
So farre I runne, In ſeeking to begin,
I cannot write, ſuch maze my muſe is in.

SON. IX.

AS fareth with the man the which hath bin
In perill but of late to haue bene drowned,
Though afterward he do recouer ground,
Knowes not at firſt the ſafetie he is in:
So when I thinke vpon the flouds of ſin,
Wherein I was neare drenched ouer hed,
What time all hope of comfort cleane was fled,
And I into deſpaire to ſinke begin.
My fainting faith with feare euen well nigh dead,
My minde amazed it doth ſo confound,
That though thy mercies freely do abound,
In port of peace I am not free from dred,
But being led Fro out the perils ſight,
I ſhall enioy more pleaſure and delight.

SON. X.

SInce thou ô Lord haſt giuen to me at laſt,
The victorie againſt the deadly foe,
Who like a lyon roaring ſtill doth goe,
My ſoule(poore Lot my kinſman deare)to waſt
Since grace at length his pride hath now deſaſt,
And by the hand off i h he is ſubdude,
And that my ſtrength by thee is ſo renude,
That his affections almoſt are diſplaſt.
Since thy high Prieſt with preſent me purſude
Of bread and wine,the which he did beſtow,
And with the ſame the bleſſing gaue alſo,
Whence life,whence libertie,whence peace inſude,
I haue indude As proper vnto thee,
Thy church with tithe of faith thou gau'ſt to mee.

If

SON. XI.

IF he towhom his Lord did but remit
A silly debt was thankfull to him found,
And that the more the sinnes forgiuen abound,
The more he loues that pardond is of it,
Then sure it seemes it were good reason fit
That I whose soule was sold to death and hell,
Whose sinnes in multitude did so excell,
With idle braine should not ingratefull sit:
But as thy flowing fauours daily swell,
So should my voice thy praises euer sound;
And since thou hast powrde oyle into my wound,
I should not spare thy mercies forth to tell.
And so as well as thou shalt giue me grace,
I will thee laud, each season, time and place.

SON. XII.

NOw that I haue some safetie Lord attaind,
Fro out the laberinth wherein I was,
Since grace as guide therein to me did passe,
And loue was line with me my issue gaind:
Since that my wandring steps faith hath refraind,
And that thy word was Sybils braunch to mee,
Through hell and death away to let me see,
To Elizian fields where blisse for aye remaind,
I must not Lord so much vnthankfull bee,
To breake the vowes which once I made alas,
But I will show thy mercies in a glas,
That by thy words men may acknowledge thee,
The onely hee Hath any power to saue,
And raisd my soule fro out the verie graue.

SON. XIII.

I Shame to see how large my promise are,
How slow my deeds that should performe the same,
I know the constant meanings whence they came,
But will and power are false at strife and iarre,
What soule begins to do, doth bodie marre,
What loue would build, distrust would ouerthrow,
A plenteous offring, zeale doth bid bestow,
But fainting faith likes not to set it farre.
My will at least his good intent shall show,
Which thou ô Lord cause vnto better frame,
A free will offring Lord thou wilt not blame,
Of such weake frutes as are on earth below.
Which yet shal grow More fruteful by thy grace,
And as they be, wilt in thy sonne imbrace.

SON. XIIII.

THe end whereto we all created were,
And in this world were plast to liue and dwell,
(If we with iudgement do obserue it well)
Was nothing else but God to serue and feare,
In which we badges of his glorie beare,
To yeeld him right the most our weakneſſe may,
Which to our strength we ought not him denay,
Who out of earth to heauen this dust shall reare:
Which when within my selfe I deeply way,
I do condemne the dulneſſe which befell
To me, whose gifts in nothing do excell,
By which I might his glorie great display,
On whom do stay All things that being haue,
Who to each creature all things freely gaue.

As

SON. XV.

AS is the treasure fruteleſſe which is hid,
And bliſſe no bliſſe a man doth not enioy,
But rather is a meane to worke annoy,
To him that carefully preſerue it did:
So often times the wiſeſt ſort haue ſlid,
Into like error whilſt they do conſeale
The gifts of grace, which God did them reueale,
And hide the talent which is them forbid:
As fruteleſſe is it to the common weale,
That men reſpectiuely become too coy,
And triflingly their time away do toy,
And without good to others let it ſteale,
I therefore deale To world and do impart,
Theſe ſilly frutes which grow on feeling hart.

SON. XVI.

THe pleaſures of this new poſſeſſed land,
Fore-promiſed long ſince to children thine,
Whereto I haue arriued ſafe in fine,
And to enioy the ſame aſſured ſtand,
To paint with praiſes I would take in hand,
That ſo I might incourage many more,
To follow forth the conqueſt where is ſtore
Of corne, of wine, and oyle, for faithfull band:
Our Ioſua Chriſt himſelfe is gone before,
And ſhowes the cluſters of the healthfull wine,
Whereof who taſts, ſhall not with famine pine,
Nor ſtarue when plentie is at Citie dore:
Ne need deplore The ſtrength of Anaks race,
For he the power of hell will cleane deface:

SON. XVII.

BEtwixt two ſtrong extreames my thoughts do flie,
Twixt heat and cold, twixt heigth and depth below,
And both of them from one deſire do flow,
The ſureſt way to ſauing health to trie.
Faith bids me mount vnto the heauens hie,
Vpon the merits of my ſauior deare,
A guiltie conſcience bids me not come neare,
Leſt in conſuming iealouſie I die.
A heart contrite doth will me to appeare,
With works of righteouſneſſe true faith which ſhow
Faith ſaies, that god my ſtrēgth & power doth know,
And that I cannot finde ſaluation heere,
But bids me cheere My ſoule, & nothing feare,
Loue in his ſonne will make him me forbeare.

SON. XVIII.

FRom far I ſee the ſtars which guide the way,
From Eaſt to Weſt, to finde my ſauiour out,
I well might wander all the world about,
To ſeeke ſaluation and in no place ſtay:
If ſhining truth did not his houſe bewray,
Which in his word points forth his dwelling place,
By which directed, I will walke a pace,
Whilſt yet I do enioy the light of day.
And when I come before his bleſſed face,
To offer vp my preſents will not doubt,
Although their baſeneſſe all the world ſhould flout,
So that by faith I may him once imbrace,
Which giueth grace And makes accepted well,
Mean works as much as thoſe which more excell.

Now

SON. XIX.

NOw will I daunce ô Lord before the traine,
Of those which following thee seeke home to draw
Thy holy Arke the treasor of thy law,
That it with vs may pledge of peace remaine,
I care not though the world my deed disdaine,
And thinke it not beseeming thing for me,
In such a worke an instrument to be,
Whose yeares they deeme more fit for other vaine.
For so I Lord thy saving health may see,
And scape the harme of cruell Satans paw,
Though all the scorners of the world me saw,
Yet would I not ashamed be of thee,
For being free Of holie promist land,
I care not how my state on earth do stand.

SON. XX.

NO recompence ô Lord is fit for thee,
If duly thy desert we do regard,
Ne hast thou want or need of mans reward,
At whose command all creatures readie bee:
Yet if our thankfull minds thy goodnesse see,
Confessing whence to vs these blessings flow,
And in the vse of them obedience show,
Although alas it be in meane degree,
Thou yet doest frame thy loue to ours below,
And as thou findst the giuers heart prepard,
Who to his power his present hath not sparde,
So doest thou cancell debt which he did owe,
And doest bestow More graces then we craue,
For which naught els but thinks thou lookst to haue

SON. XXI.

HOw precious are the praiers of thy Saints,
Which able were thy threatned wrath to ſtay,
And make the ſunne returne in pride of day,
When as Ioſias heart for feare it faints,
Thy fauour vnto Abram vs acquaints,
Of how great force repentant heart is found,
When(hauing viewd vile Sodom to confound)
To ſtaie at ſeruants ſute thy wrath thou daints.
By praiers man hath power euen death to wound,
By praier he may moue a mount away,
A faithfull feruent praier finds no nay,
If that the thing we craue be pure and ſound,
Yea God hath bound Him ſelfe by them to man,
Whoſe worthie praiſe no tongue forth vtter can.

SON. XXII.

THanks will I alwaies ſtudie Lord to pay,
To thee, the giuer of all good and grace,
And thankfully thy mercies will imbrace,
And witneſſe forth thy workes from day to day,
My heart, my mouth, my pen they neuer ſtay,
To take occaſion freſhly to renue,
The memorie of praiſes to thee due,
Leſt natures weakneſſe let them paſſe away.
My frailtie in this point indeed I rue,
Who till I ſee new bleſſings in the place,
Forget the fauours late before my face,
And mercies thine, fro which ſuch bountie grew,
For it is true So dull our ſences are,
That oft thy bleſſings do our iudgements marre.

Where

SON. XXIII.

WHere ſo I caſt about my wandring eye,
By chance or choice, by hap, or elſe by will,
Before my ſight ſome obiect is there ſtill,
Wherein thy power and loue I do eſpye.
In view whereof, if I my thoughts do trye,
To raiſe my heart in ioy, I matter finde,
And vnto thee my loue ſo firme to binde,
That tong nor pen ſhould neuer idle lye;
Whoſe grace vnto thy creatures is ſo kinde,
As patrons of the ſame the world doth fill,
Who mad'ſt not only, but doeſt ſtill inſtill,
Some feeling of the ſame vnto the minde,
Which is not blinde, Or too much obſtinate,
Which later natures chiefly thou doeſt hate.

SON. XXIIII.

WHilſt I do ſtudie fitly to begin,
To vtter forth ſome part of my intent,
Which to thy praiſe with zeale and loue is bent,
Far freeing me from due reward of ſin,
I finde a laberinth that I am in,
Of many merits which do me incloſe,
Which as this holie motion in me roſe,
Of diuerſe ſubiects for to treat do win.
Among the reſt my heart hath chiefly choſe,
To giue thee thanks for comfort to me ſent,
In ſtaying me the wandring courſe I went,
And ſeeling faith with knowledge where,
And though I loſe Therwith the worlds
Yet will I ioy in hope of heauenly ſight,

SON. XXV.

SInce thou haſt Lord vouchſaft to ſend me ayde,
By holie ſpirit thine in time of need,
(As Philip to the Eunuch came in deed)
Which in my wandring iourny me hath ſtayde;
Since he hath taught me what thy Prophets ſayde,
And what humilitie was in thy ſonne,
Whoſe patience like a lambe hath freedom wonne,
Vnto my ſoule, for which he raunſome payde.
I ſee no earthly things ſhould ſtay vndone,
The duties which requirde of me I reed.
By faith vpon thy promiſes I feed,
And to thy Sacraments for ſtrength I runne,
And thus begunne, I will continue ſtill,
To learne thy lawes, and to obey thy will.

SON. XXVI.

HOw can I limit well my tong or pen?
Within what bownds may I my ſelfe incloſe?
Who ſuch a theame to write vpon haue choſe,
Whereon the more I muſe, more groweth it then.
It fares with me herein, euen right as when
A haſtie mind forgetteth what to ſpeake,
When ſtamering words the perfect ſence do breake,
And makes vs not be vnderſtood of men.
Such worthie matter in my mind there growes,
So plentifull, and I of skill ſo weake,
So pleaſing to me, and ſo proper eake,
choyſe of them I iudgement loſe,
euen as thoſe Want matter ſilent be,
plentie of thy praiſe confoundeth me.

Now

SON. XXVII.

NOw that thy mercies do ſo much abound,
As thou vouchſafeſt Lord with me to dwell,
And glorious Arke of hope which doth excell,
Drawne home by hungry faith my heart hath found,
Since power thereof, did ſinfull Dagon wound,
And yet diſdaineth not my humble ſtate,
I freely open Lord, my lowly gate
Of lips and tong, which may thy praiſes ſound.
Thy bleſſings ſeeme to flow to me of late,
Since in my ſoule thy word I did embrace,
My zeale refreſhed is with heauenly grace,
My comfort, wealth that hell cannot rebate,
In ſuch a rate Thy fauour I do finde,
As bindes me loue a father found ſo kinde.

SON. XXVIII.

WHat ſhould I render thee my Sauiour deare,
For all the gifts thou doeſt on me beſtow?
Whoſe gratious meaſure ſo doth ouerflow,
As power of recompence cannot appeare,
I do imbrace thy gifts with ioyfull cheare,
And to thy alter ſpeedily will runne,
To follow forth thy praiſe but new begunne,
Till all thy people may thy mercies heare.
Thy glorious image ſhineth in the ſonne,
Thy loue to man did his obedience ſhow,
His loue and mercy vnto man hath wonne
The gifts of grace, whence faith & comfort grow,
Wherethrough we know That we are thy elect,
And theſe our feeble frutes wilt not reiect.

SON. XXIX.

THe powerfull pen the which records thy praiſe,
O Lord of life, hath many volumes made,
Thy wondrous works each leaſe doth ouerlade,
Which aye increaſe as growing are my dayes,
Vnſearchable indeed are all thy wayes,
In multitude thy numbers do exceed,
In glorie they do admiration breed,
Their goodneſſe power of recompence denayes.
The hungry thou with plenteous hand doeſt feed,
Thy fauour to thy creatures doth not fade.
The more in view of all thy works I wade,
The more I finde my ſence confound indeed,
But yet inſteed Of Eccho to thy fame,
I will giue thanks and laud vnto thy name.

SON. XXX.

THis ſtately ſtage wherein we players ſtande,
To repreſent the part to vs aſſignde,
Was built by God, that he might pleaſure finde,
In beautie of the works of his owne hand,
All creatures of the ayre, the ſea and land,
Are players at his appointment of ſome thing,
Which to the world a proper vſe may bring,
And may not breake aſſigned bownds or band:
Some do in ioy ſtill forth his praiſes ſing,
Some mourne & make their mone with heauy mind,
Some ſhew the frutes of nature weake and blind,
Some ſhew how grace baſe ſin away doth fling,
God (like a king) Beholds, Chriſt doth attire,
The plaiers with the ſhape, their ſtates require.

SON. XXXI.

WHo ſo beholds with conſtant fixed eye,
The fauour and perfection of my choyce,
He cannot chuſe but muſt in heart reioyce,
That mortall ſight may heauenly bliſſe eſpie,
All earthly beautie he will ſtraight defie,
As things too baſe to occupie his braine,
Whoſe fading pleaſures ſo are payd with paine,
That they true taſt of pleaſure do denie.
But who ſo can this perfect ſight attaine,
Cannot containe, but yeeld with cheerfull voyce,
An eccho to the Angels heauenly noyſe,
Who to his praiſe do ſinging ſtill remaine,
They then are vaine Who fix their ſight ſo low,
That ſuch a glorious God they will not know.

SON. XXXII.

OHeauenly beautie of loue the fountaine true,
Whoſe ſhining beames do penetrate my ſoule,
With ſuch a zeale as former thoughts controll,
And drawes heart, power, and will thee to inſue,
Thou mak'ſt my fainting ſight for to renue,
And dazeling eyes new ſtrength thus to attaine,
To whom alone perfection faire is due,
Thou mak'ſt earths bewtious ſhadow ſeeme but vain,
Thy works of glorie, and of power remain,
Ingrauen in thankfull hearts which them inroll;
Thy loue and mercy made thee pay the toll,
Which to our dying ſoules true life did gain,
Thy loue doth wain, My thoughts tró baſer loue,
And mak'ſt my heart and mind to ſore aboue.

SON. XXXIII.

IF beautie be as men on earth ſuppoſe,
The comely ſhape and colours which agree,
In true proportion to the thing we ſee,
Which grace and fauour both do neuer loſe.
If white and red be borrowed from the Roſe,
If bright and ſhining to the ſonne compar'd,
If high and ſtraight to godlineſſe w'award,
And beautie haue ſuch baſe deſcriptions choſe,
Then let the wiſe this beautie true regard,
Where all perfections in one ſubiect be,
Surpaſſing frute of the forbidden tree,
Which but to taſt man ſuffred deaths reward,
Which is prepard, And offred to our ſight,
In Chriſt to loue and feed vs day and night.

SON. XXXIIII.

HOw may this be that men of ſearching mind,
Whoſe curious eyes in beautie do delight,
The pleaſing obiect of their fancies ſight,
In outward ſhape and colour, comfort find:
And yet the better beautie leaue behind
Vnſought, or vnregarded of at all,
Compard to which, none can it beautie call,
Vnleſſe a buzzard whom affections blind,
This earthly forme of fleſh it is ſo ſmall
Of worth to charme the ſence of noble ſpright,
As is a ſtarre before faire Phœbus bright,
Whoſe glory doth their borrowed beauti'apall,
Thus wiſe men fall, Whom carnall eies do guide,
Whoſe iudgements may not vertues ſight abide.

SON. XXXV.

O Heauenly loue with God thou dwelst for aye,
Thou passest faith and hope in dignitie,
Thou keepst the law, thy feet step not awrie,
In all mens danger, thou the surest stay,
To our request, thou neuer sayest nay,
Ne wrath, ne enuy, moue thee ere a whit,
Thou multitude of sinnes in man doest quit,
Thou law and Gospell both doest ouersway:
Thou doest with God a loft in heauens sit,
With God in counsell thou art alwaies by,
Thou causest Christ mans weakneſse to supply,
And makest vs receiue the frute of it,
And euery whit Of goodneſse that we haue,
Loue made him send, who loue therfore doth craue

SON. XXXVI.

THe shining face of my faire Phœbus deare,
Whose glory doth eclipse each other light,
Presents himselfe vnto worlds open sight,
Their blinded eyes with ioyfull view to cheare,
But sluggish so the greater sort appeare,
That sleeping in selfe-loue and mind secure,
The cleare aspect of truth they not indure,
Nor of their blindneſse willingly would heare.
But so my sences do his beautie allure,
To gaze vpon his louely fauour bright,
That therein only haue I my delight,
Where is all happineſse I do assure,
He doth procure A plenteous increase,
Vnto my soule, of perfect loue and peace.

SON. XXXVII.

AVant baſe thoughts incomber me no more,
By laying forth theſe earthly wants of mine,
As though thou wouldſt perſwade me to repine,
Becauſe of wealth I haue not needleſſe ſtore,
If thou didſt know thy nakedneſſe before,
He cloth'd thy ſoule, aud fed thy fainting minde,
(With righteouſneſſe and faith in Sauiour kinde)
Thou wouldſt that former ſtate much more deplore.
And then confeſſe the comfort thou doeſt finde,
By peace of conſcience in this fleſh of thine,
Is greateſt riches truly to define,
(So that contentment be not left behinde)
Theſe gifts me binde To praiſe his holy name,
And place chief wealth in knowledge of the ſame.

SON. XXXVIII.

I Will not feare with feruency of zeale,
To follow forth this faire affect of mine,
(To loue of thee which doth my ſoule incline)
O Sauiour deare, who ſure my griefe wilt heale,
Vnto thy proffred kindneſſe I appeale,
Who of thy ſelfe didſt call me vnto thee,
And promiſedſt I ſhould thy darling bee,
Made free within thy Church and common weale.
Diſparidgement there is not now in mee,
Ne ſhall diſtruſt forbid me to be thine,
But faith ſhall flie aloft to thee in fine,
Where all thy treaſures ſafely I may ſee,
And happie hee Beſtowes his loue ſo well,
Whoſe hope is payd with pleaſures that excell.

Lode

SON. XXXIX.

LOue then I will, and loue thee Lord alone,
For fellowship in loue there may not bee,
Loue for thy loue ô Lord shall be thy fee,
For other recompence thou craueſt none.
My vowes and deeds they shall be alwaies one,
All dedicated to adore thy name,
My heart, my soule, my strength shall do the same,
Thy loue shall be my faithes true corner stone;
The loue of thee shall my affections frame,
To follow that may pleasing be to thee,
My eyes no beautie but in thee shall see,
And thy regard my wandring will shall tame,
Yea I will blame, And scorne each other thing,
Saue what shall me vnto thy fauour bring.

SON. XL.

FAine would I praise thee Lord with such a zeale,
And feruencie as might my loue expresse,
Faine would my loue yeeld vnto thee no lesse,
Due praise then thou didst loue to me reueale,
But wanting power thereto I yet appeale,
To that thy goodnesse which thee first did moue,
In fragill flesh of mine the strength to proue,
Whose weaknes thou by heauely power didst heale.
Mans wit in words comes short in this behoue,
To recompence, nay only to confesse,
The many waies thou doest our bodies blesse,
Much more our soules which freely thou didst loue,
Thy trustie doue, Thy holy spright of grace,
Makes yet our weaknesse stand before thy face.

SON. XLI.

O Perfect Sunne, whereof this shadow is
A slender light, though it some beautie show,
On whom thy influence thou doest bestow,
Whose constant course still shines in endlesse blisse.
To scan thy glorie, wit of man doth misse,
How far thy mercies beames abroad extend,
Tong cannot speake, nor wit can comprehend,
And humane frailtie is bewrayd in this;
The fire, ayre, water, earth they wholly bend,
The host of heauen, and creatures belowe,
To paye their dutie vnto thee they owe,
Which didst their being and their vertue send,
And I intend With them (in what I may)
To witnesse forth thy laud and praise for aye.

SON. XLII.

WHat present should I bring of worthie prise,
To witnesse well the loue to thee I owe,
I nothing haue but what thou didst bestow,
Ne likest thou the toyes of mans deuise.
I would not spare my power in any wise,
No treasure seemes to me for thee too deare,
The pleasures of the world the which are here,
Too base they are, how ere wit them disguise.
To yeeld thee faith, it doth the best appeare,
But it is very weake alas I know,
To yeeld thee praise, doth make a decent show,
But to thy merit neither doth come neare,
With garment cleare Yet clothd of righteous son,
My selfe to offer vnto thee, I run.

VVho

SON. XLIII.

WHo ſo beholds the works ô Lord of thine,
The ſtretched heauens, the ſeat where thou doeſt
the earth thy foorſtoole, which dares not rebel, (dwel
Which all vnto thy will do aye incline,
The Sunne and Moone by day & night which ſhine,
The changing flouds, the firme and frutefull land,
The Planets which do firme for euer ſtand,
All which gainſt thy beheſt dare not repine.
The hoſt of Angels in thy heauenly band,
Th'infernall feends with Luciſar which fell,
The fiſh, the fowle, the beaſt agreeing well,
And all obedient to thy heauenly hand,
May vnderſtand Thy glorie, loue, and power,
Without whoſe help, mâ could not liue one houre.

SON. XLIIII.

AS doth the Moone by daily change of hew,
By growing, or decreaſing, beautie ſhow,
The influence, the greater lights beſtow,
Whoſe abſence, or whoſe preſence, her renue,
So muſt all fleſh confeſſe, and thinke moſt true,
The faith or feare they haue for to proceed,
From heauenly grace, which heauely gifts doth feed,
Without whoſe face blind darkneſſe doth inſue.
Mans proper power is ſo obſcurde indeed,
With ſhades which riſe frô earthly thoughts below,
That nothing but blind ignorance would grow,
Vnleſſe this ſonne did ſhining comfort breed,
Which ſerues in ſteed Of fire vnto the ſame,
Fro whence this light of faith receiues his flame.

SON. XLV.

IF Saba Queene a iourney tooke in hand,
From South to North, wise Salomon to heare,
If humane wisedome was to her so deare,
That she did visit thus this holy land,
Then do I muse why men so idle stand,
In pride of youth when wit and meanes abound,
Their tender braines to feed with wisedome sound,
Far passing that this Queene for trauell found.
This error is the scarre of Adams wound,
Who sought his knowledge not in fountain cleare,
To whom forbidden skill did best appeare,
Neglecting graces him inclosing round,
But on the sound And written word I build,
Not Salomon such Oracles could yeeld.

SON. XLVI.

HOw fond a thing it is which men do vse,
To beat their braines, and so torment their hart,
In cõpassing the thing which breeds their smart,
And do not know what is the thing they chuse,
They childishly the name of loue abuse,
And would define the nature of the same,
By passions which belong to hatreds name,
Wherein to pine with pleasure they do chuse.
Who euer saw that figs on thorne-tree came,
Or thistles roses beare by any art?
With pain, with grief, with shame, with losse impart,
Their passions which they for their loue do frame,
With iudgement lame; Loue is a heauenly thing,
Where being plaist, it perfect loue doth bring.

Let

SON. XLVII.

LEt earthly things in earth their loue repoſe,
For fleſh and bloud on faith they cannot feed,
It is a frute indeed of heauenly ſeed,
Which who diſgeſteth well life cannot loſe;
The ſoule fro out of other matter growes,
And into other matter turnes againe,
Immortally to liue in ioy or paine,
As grace to ſundry ſees it hath choſe.
Then is it time my thoughts at length to waine,
For laying vp my treaſure for my need,
Where mothes and canker do ſo common breed,
As in the world whoſe wealth is meerly vaine:
If I attaine, But faith layd vp in ſtore,
In Chriſt my Sauiour, I deſire no more.

SON. XLVIII.

FYe fainting faith diſſwade me not ſo much,
From following of my louely heauenly choyce,
To thinke on whom, I can not but reioyce,
Whoſe name or memorie my heart doth touch,
What trauell eré befall, I will not grutch,
Through fire and water I will him purſue,
Whoſe ſight my fainting ſoule doth ſtraight renue,
His loue and mercy both to me are ſuch:
If I ſhould dye for him it were but due,
By him I liue, and follow will his voyce,
Regarding lightly fame or common noyſe,
Which threaten paine and trauell to inſue,
There are but few That paſſe the narrow way,
But crowne of honor doth their trauell pay.

SON. XLIX.

I Finde my heart is bent for to amend,
And follow thee forſaking wonted way,
From wickedneſſe, my footſteps for to ſtay,
And to thy will my works henceforth to bend:
But yet the cauſe which makes me this intend,
I finde is rather feare then loue of right.
Yet free-will offrings do thee more delight,
And to ſuch works thou doeſt thy bleſſing ſend.
It is not ill to ſet before my ſight,
Thy heauie plagues for ſin from day to day,
But I had rather forth thy fauour lay,
And for their loue in quarrell thine to fight,
Which if I might By feruent zeale attaine,
Then ſhould I hope the victorie to gaine.

SON. L.

NO ſooner loue intirely me poſſeſt,
But ſee how iealouſie doth me aſſaile,
She ſeekes with deepe diſtruſt my faith to quaile,
And to remoue from conſcience quiet gueſt,
She telleth me my Lord doth ſin deteſt,
And that my deeds they too vnworthie are,
That from his fauour they will me debarre,
Whoſe loue is fixed only on the beſt.
Feare had begun to worke in me ſo farre,
That to amaze my minde it could not faile,
Till to my loue my ſtate I did bewaile,
Who ſhining ſweetly like the morning ſtarre,
Did ſtay their iarre, And bid my ſoule to reſt
In Chriſt, by whom I ſurely ſhall be bleſt.

He

SON. LI.

HE is vnworthie to receiue a gift,
From any man, that him miſtruſts before;
I will not ought of thee Lord doubt therefore,
Although no reaſon can my hope vplift,
I know in deed it is ſlye Satans drift,
To laie before me this my vilde eſtate,
Which being ſinfull, thou of force muſt hate,
And I reiected be without all ſhift.
But when I with my ſelfe thy works debate,
Which haue examples of thy mercies ſtore,
His reaſons are of force with me no more,
Becauſe that faith ſets open wide the gate,
To me of late, Which leades to treaſure thine,
Where in thy ſonne thou doeſt in mercy ſhine.

SON. LII.

FAine would I follow thee through ſea and land,
My louely Sauiour whom farre off I ſee,
Zeale makes my mind with ſpeed to haſt to thee,
But natiue weakneſſe makes me doubtfull ſtand,
If to my ayde thou gau'ſt not forth thy hand,
And by thy word incouragde me to row,
I ſhould ſo ſhun affections which do flow,
That feare ſhould bend my faith like feeble wand.
But by thy offred grace now ſtrong I grow,
And through the troubles of the world will be
Bold to proceed, and faith ſhall ſuccour me,
To witneſſe forth the thankfulneſſe I owe;
Thou doeſt beſtow On me both power & will,
And with them both, I will thee honour ſtill.

SON. LIII.

AS do the ſtarres amidſt the firmament,
With borrowed light beare reccord vnto thee,
(O Lord of might) in which we men do ſee,
The image of thy power to them but lent,
So when our weake indeuors Lord are bent,
To publiſh forth thy praiſes which excell,
Theſe ſilly ſparkes of light which in vs dwell,
Do ſhew thy grace which vs this motion ſent.
Although therefore no ſpeech or toong can tell,
How infinit thy glory ought to bee,
Which paſſeth humane ſence by high degree,
As wiſeſt men to grant, they do compell,
Yet thou lik'ſt well, We ſhow herein our will,
Which I haue vowd vnto thy ſeruice ſtill.

SON. LIIII.

CAll me ô Lord, for lo I do attend,
To follow thee where ſo thou doeſt direct,
I know thou wilt not my intent reiect,
Who gladly would proceed where ſo thou ſend,
I doubtfull ſtand, which way my course to bend,
Becauſe I finde ſuch ignorance of skill,
To follow forth according to my will,
A fruteſull courſe the which I did intend,
As thou with forward zeale my mind didſt fill,
So ſhew me Lord whereto I am ſelect,
And I ſhall carefully the ſame effect,
And feruently thereto go forward ſtill,
Depend I will, Vpon occaſion fit,
That faithfully I may accompliſh it.

Like

SON. LV.

LIke silly babes such must thy seruants bee,
In innocencie and obedience still,
Vnto thy holy lawes ô Lord and will,
From wrath, pride, malice, lust, and enuy free,
With Serpents eyes of wisedome must they see,
And stop their eares which Sathan would deceiue,
With charmes of pleasure which a scar do leaue,
And lend obedient eare onely to thee.
Yet with simplicitie of doue receaue,
The yoke of law whose rule they must fulfill,
And suffer patiently the word to kill
The force of sin, which would soules health bereaue,
Such thou wilt heaue, And hold in heauenly arme,
And with protecting hand, defend from harme.

SON. LVI.

WHo so could like to Steu'n behold and see,
The throne triumphant where our Sauior sits,
In Maiestie aloft, as best him fits,
A Iudge and Sauior to his Saints to be,
Coëquall with his father in degree,
Possessor of the place for vs prepard,
Who readie stands our weake works to reward,
And from the fury of the world to free.
He were but base if ought he did regard,
This transitorie honour which so flits,
Which to attaine so much doth tyre our wits,
And yet so niggardly to man is shard,
And afterward Doth leaue a sting behinde,
Of care of conscience, and of griefe of minde.

SON. LVII.

WHo ſeeketh not with all his power and might,
To eternize vnto himſelfe his ſtate?
That chance or time may not his bliſſe rebate,
Or death it ſelfe may not diſſolue it quight.
Thus ſome therefore for honour fiercely fight,
And ſome for wealth do trauell far and nigh,
Some worldly wiſedome with great ſtudie buy,
To make them famous in this vaine worlds ſight.
Which is the readieſt way they do eſpye,
To keep their name from death which ſo they hate,
Yea all ſuppoſe poſteritie the gate,
T'immortalize this fleſh, whoſe floure muſt dye,
But all go wry, wealth, honor, wit haue end,
And children paſſe, faith only life doth lend.

SON. LVIII.

WHat wealth may be to this alone comparde,
To be co-heire with Chriſt of fathers loues?
To haue our earthly thoughts ſo rayſd aboue,
That world and worldly things we not regards?
To ſee by faith a kingdome rich preparde
For vs, which ſhall eternally remaine,
Aye free from worldly cares and troubles vaine,
Which is for children his, a due rewards?
Who can diſcouragde be with earthly paine,
Or tedious combats which the fleſh doth proue?
Since care of vs our Partner Chriſt did moue,
To ſhare our griefes, his joy to vs to gaine:
Which thoughts ſhould waine Our wils frõ baſe (deſire
And vs incourage higher to aſpire.

SON. LIX.

IF Paradiſe were ſuch a pleaſant ſoyle,
Where all things flouriſhed and proſpered aye,
Wherein who liued, neuer could decaye,
Till ſin by Satans ſlight gaue man the foyle:
Which bleſſings afterward did cleane recoyle,
And left man naked in reproach and ſhame,
To duſt to turne againe from whence he came,
On barren earth to liue with ſweat and toyle.
Then is our ſtate much better then that ſame,
Our Paradiſe a place of bliſſe to ſtaye,
Our Sauiour (Abrams boſome) doth diſplaye
Wherein our ſoules ſhall reſt free from all blame,
Where he our name Hath writ in booke of life,
To be exempt from feare of care, or ſtriſe.

SON. LX.

WHat is felicitie whereof men wright?
Which to attaine, our ſtudies ſtill are bent,
Which to procure, ſuch time and paine is ſpent,
By endleſſe trauell therein day and night:
Sure if it be nought elſe but firme delight,
And that delight conſiſt in peace of minde,
Then here on earth this treaſure none ſhall finde,
Whoſe pleaſures quickly vaniſh out of ſight.
The earth doth chaunge, as ſeas do riſe with tyde,
And ſtormes inſue the calme before that went,
This happineſſe but for a time is lent,
And payd oft times with penance more vnkinde
By fortune blinde. True bliſſe conſiſts herein,
To loue the Lord, and to abandon ſin.

SON. LXI.

HOw many priuiledges great and rare,
Do we enioy that do thy name profesſe?
Euen many more by far I do confeſſe,
Then we obſerue, or how to vſe be ware:
To giue thy onely ſonne thou didſt not ſpare,
Vs to redeeme from deaths eternall wound,
The ſting of hell and ſin he did confound,
And way to heauen for vs he did prepare.
Yea ſo his mercies do to vs abound,
That all the worldly creatures more and leſſe,
Yea heauenly Angels do themſelues addreſſe,
To ſerue mans needfull vſe are readie found,
He doth propound, In Chriſt all theſe to man,
And hauing him, no want annoy vs can.

SON. LXII.

BY many gifts ô Lord thou doeſt declare,
Thy mercies vnto man whom thou wilt ſaue,
The vſe of all the which in Chriſt we haue,
By hand of faith, that precious bleſſing rare,
That doth his righteouſneſſe for vs prepare,
Our ſtubbornneſſe with his obedience hide,
His patience doth our groſſe impatience guide,
His temperance with our intemperance ſhare,
His continence our frailtie lets not ſlide.
(For changing nature ours, his ſtrength it gaue)
Our pride it hides, and hopes with faithleſſe waue,
And ſhades our hart with loue which ſtil ſhal bide,
Thus euery tide, It readie is at hand,
For our defence a buckler for to ſtand.

SON. LXIII.

HOw should the quiet mind in peace and rest,
Possessed of the thing it most desirde,
(A thing so precious none durst haue aspirde,
To gaine, vnlesse the giuer had him blest)
How may she mourne, how may she be oppresst,
Who hath the bridegrome alwaies in her sight
Who in her loue doth take so great delight,
As by his bountie hourely is expresst
The dolefull darknesse fitteth blinded night,
The shining Sunne hath cloudes of care retirde,
O heauenly heate my heart it hath aspirde,
Since in thy sonne I saw thy fauour bright,
The which did fight, As champion strong for mee,
From cloudes of darknesse and from sin to free.

SON. LXIIII.

WHo so of perfect temprature is framde,
Must needs delight in heauenly harmony,
His sences so shall be renude thereby,
As sauage beasts by Orpheus harpe were tamde,
Yong Dauids harpe Sauls furious spirit shamde,
And Dolfins did Aryons musicke heare,
Such sympathie in all things doth appeare,
That neuer musicke was by wisedome blamde,
But he that could conceiue with iudgement cleare,
The sweet records that heauenly motions cry,
Their constant course that neuer swarues awry,
But by discords, whose concords after cheare,
Would hold so deare, The mouer of the same,
That loue of him should base affections tame.

SON. LXV.

GReat is thy power, and more then we conceiue,
Thy glorie more then can discerned bee:
Mans greatest gift is yet that he may see,
Or know, that vertue thine doth his bereaue,
His dazeling eyes each shadow doth deceiue,
His iudgement builded on inconstant ground,
His strength but weakenesse in it selse is found,
His glorie, greater glorie must receiue
From thee, in whom all glorie doth abound:
What maiestie dare man compare with thee,
To whom all creatures bow obedient knee?
Whose contemplations thou doest cleane confound,
Vpon this grounds? True blisse & wisdome stand,
To know our wisedome floweth from thy hand.

SON. LXVI.

AS but vaine hope it is for man to trust,
To thing not promised, or not in power,
Of speaker to performe at pointed hower,
Which is the case of flesh and bloud vniust:
So call that hope no wise man can or must,
Which is performance of expected thing,
When as possession doth assurance bring,
Of thing whereafter we tofore did lust.
The Saints in heauen in ioyfull rest do sing,
Whom hope nor feare do raise or yet deuower,
But men on earth haue hope a resting tower,
To shield them from despightfull Satans sting.
Faith is the wing Makes me to hope ascend,
And truth in Christ shall make my hope haue end.

SON. LXVII.

GReat are the gifts ô Lord thou doeſt beſtow
On ſinfull man, by thy abounding grace,
Who when they want doeſt neuer hide thy face,
But ſtill a patron of thy bountie ſhow:
Which makes vs both thy power and mercy know,
And ſo with ſhame and ſorrow to repent,
Our thankleſſe natures ſo vnkindly bent:
So ſlacke to pay the praiſes which we owe.
But when I do conſider thou haſt ſent
Thy ſonne himſelfe for to ſupply our place,
Whoſe patience did the death on croſſe imbrace,
Thoſe to acquite, who did with faith aſſent:
All ſpeeches ſpent, Seeme then to me in vaine,
And only I admyring do remaine.

SON. LXVIII.

I Haue bene blind, and yet I thought I ſaw,
And now I ſee, yet feare that I am blind,
No blindneſſe like to that is of the mind,
Which doth the ſoule to deadly danger draw:
My careleſſe ſteps did ſtumble at a ſtraw,
And yet ſuppoſd my walke had bene ſo ware,
That to haue err'd had bene a matter rare,
When euery thought did violate thy law.
But ſince to ſearch my ſelfe I do prepare,
So darke of ſight my ſoule and ſence I find,
That if thy Chriſt (my loue) were not more kind,
Eternall death I ſee ſhould be my ſhare.
But now I dare In ſpight of wicked foe,
A better courſe with conſtant courage goe.

SON. LXIX.

WHy ſhould he faint or thinke his burden great,
That hath a partner to ſupport the ſame?
Why coward-like ſhould he his honor ſhame,
That hath a champion readie at intreat,
Who can and doth death and confuſion threat,
To all impediments which ſtop our way?
On whom repoſe our truſt we boldly may,
He being iudge and plaſt in mercies ſeat?
He ſees our thoughts, and knows what we would ſay,
He doth our mouthes to fit petitions frame,
He hides our errors if our faith be lame,
and he himſelfe doth alſo for vs pray,
We need but ſtay, And truſt to his good will,
And we are ſure he will our want fulfill.

SON. LXX.

ALthough the world do ſeek to ſtop my way,
By many ſtumbling blocks of feare and doubt,
And bid me ſeeke a farther way about,
And on the ſtaffe of carnall ſtrength to ſtay,
Though ſin, though hell, though death do me denay,
That any power ſhall bridle their intent,
But would compell me walke as worldlings went,
The hedlong path of pleaſure to decay,
Yet will I not this purpoſe mine repent,
So long as faith will be my ſouldier ſtout,
To ouerthrow this fearfull thronging rout,
Whom to ſubdue, this grace was to me ſent,
Ne ſhall be ſpent, In vaine this paine of mine,
Hope againſt hope, ſhall win the field in fine.

SON. LXXI.

IT were vnfit a concubine to keepe,
Or that her children ſhould poſſeſſion haue,
Among the frutes which lawfull wedding gaue,
By vertuous ſpowſe which in the ſoule doth ſleepe;
And yet behold how ſhamefully do creepe,
Into poſſeſſion of my power and will,
Theſe thoughts and works which motions are to ill,
And trench themſelues in fleſhly fortreſſe deepe:
Whoſe baſe ſocietie will with vices fill,
The holy brood which grace would ſpotleſſe ſaue,
In ſuch a doubt my yong affections waue,
That they conſent I ſhould them foſter ſtill,
But that would ſpill, More vertuous heritage,
Therefore exilde theſe be, though hell do rage.

SON. LXXII.

SOmetimes my nature ſeemeth to repine,
To ſee the pleaſure and the plenteous ſtore,
The wicked do enioy for euermore,
Abounding in their corne, their oyle and wine,
But when I ſee my weakneſſe ſo encline,
To the abuſe of portion I poſſeſſe,
My heart with ioy, full often doth confeſſe,
Thy loue doth much in earthly ſcarſtie ſhine,
Theſe things are good and bad, as thou doeſt bleſſe,
Which I dare not directly craue therefore,
Such danger followes them euen at the dore,
That plentie lightly doth the ſoule oppreſſe,
And as I gueſſe, Contentedneſſe doth grow,
In gratefull mind though ſtate be neare ſo low.

SON. LXXIII.

IF he vnworthie be the sweet to tast,
That shuns the sower as we in prouerbe say,
To honor, pleasure, profit, in the way
Great perill, paine, and cost, so often plast.
If as vnworthie health, he be disgrast,
That will refuse a bitter purge to take,
When he doth know it will his feauer slake.
So do temptations proue the mind more chast,
If we with courage do the combat make,
And to the end immoueable do stay,
The more that Satan doth his spight display,
The more the pride and power of him we shake,
And he will quake, And sin shall haue a fall,
And faith in Christ shall triumph ouer all.

SON. LXXIIII.

TO shun the rocks of dangers which appeare,
Amidst the troubled waues of worldly life,
Which in each company are alwaies rise,
Which with soules perill most men buy full deare,
I feare almost to keep my course so neare,
The conuersation of such tickle tides,
And thinke him blest, that banished abides,
In desert, where of sin he may not heare.
But when I note where so a man him hides,
That still affections breed an inward strife,
That nature beares about the bloudie knife,
And to the death the proper soule it guides,
That fancie slides Away, and I prepare,
In combats of the world to fight my share,

Were

SON. LXXV.

WEre it not ſtraunge, that members of the ſame
One liuing bodie, and one parents childe,
Should by the other daily be defilde?
And of vnſeemly thing ſhould haue no ſhame?
And yet we which of Chriſt do beare the name,
And children of his father vs do call,
At diſcord with this parent daily fall,
And Chriſt our eldeſt brother do defame.
It ſeemeth well we be but baſtards all,
Though ſtock be true, we be but Olines wilde,
Who thinks vs better, he is but beguilde,
Our frutes are bitter, and increaſe but ſmall,
And who ſo ſhall Examine well his works,
Shall ſee that gall in pureſt thoughts there lurks.

SON. LXXVI.

IT is no light or curious conceipt,
O Lord thou knoweſt, that maketh me to ſtraine
My feeble powers, which blindfold did remaine,
Vpon thy ſeruice now at length to waight,
But only ſhame to ſee mans nature fraight,
So full of pregnant ſpeech to litle vſe,
Or rather oftentimes to thy abuſe,
Whilſt to deceiue, they laie a golden baight:
And do not rather thinke it fit to chuſe,
By praiſes thine, true praiſe themſelues to gaine,
And leaue thoſe fond inuentions which do ſtaine
Their name, and cauſe them better works refuſe,
Which doth abuſe The gifts thou doeſt beſtow,
And oftentimes thy high contempt do ſhow.

SON. LXXVII.

FOr common matter common ſpeech may ſerue,
But for this theame both wit and words do want,
For he that heauen and earth and all did plant,
The frutes of all he iuſtly doth deſerue,
No maruell then though oft my pen do ſwarue,
In middle of the matter I intend,
Since oft ſo high, my thoughts ſeeke to aſcend,
As want of wiſedome makes my will to ſtarue.
But thou ô Lord who clouen tongs didſt ſend,
Vnto thy ſeruants when their skils were ſcant,
And ſuch a zeale vnto thy praiſe that brant,
As made them feareleſſe ſpeake, and neuer bend,
Vnto the end, One iot from thy beheſt,
Shall guide my ſtile, as fits thy glory beſt.

SON. LXXVIII.

HOw happily my riches haue I found,
Which I no ſooner ſought but it is wonne,
Which to attaine, my will had ſcarce begunne,
But I did finde it readie to abound,
The ſilly faith I had was ſetled ſound
In Chriſt, although for feare it oft did pant,
Which I did wiſh more conſtantly to plant,
That it might all temptations ſo confound,
With feruency this litle ſparkle brant,
Till it inflamde my zeale and ſo did runne,
Vnto the fountaine of true light (the ſonne)
Whoſe gratious ſoyle to feed it was not ſcant:
Men finde more want, The more they couet ſtill,
But if man couet this, it aye doth fill.

Whoo

SON. LXXIX.

WHen desolate I was of worldly ayde,
Vnable to releeue my selfe at need,
Thou hadst a care my fainting soule to feed,
Because my faith vpon thy fauour stayde,
My dying hope thou hast with mercy payde,
And as thou didst releeue thy seruant deare,
Elias whom the Rauens in desert cheare,
So am I comforted whom sin affrayde.
The cries of litle Rauens thine eare doth heare,
And slakst their hunger kindly Lord indeed,
When parents do forsake de ed,
That so thy prouidence might more appeare,
Which shineth cleare, In blessings euery day,
To me much more then I can duly way.

SON. LXXX.

AMidst this pilgrimage where wandring I,
Do trace the steps which flesh and bloud hath tred,
My comfort is, that aye mine eyes are led,
By gratious obiect which in faith I spy,
Whose brightnesse guides my steps, which else awry
Were like to slide, through Satans subtil slight,
Gainst whom his holy Angels alwaies fight,
And suffer not my strength too farre to try.
By day his word and works are in my sight,
Like to a cloud to comfort me in dread,
By fire through deserts, and the sea so red,
His hand doth gouerne me in dangerous night,
His fauour bright, Conducting this my way,
An host of steps shall not my iourny stay.

SON. LXXXI.

I See a storme me thinks approach a farre,
In darkned skie, which threatens woe at hand,
Vnto my tackle I had need to stand,
Lest sudden puffs my purposd course debarre.
These tempting thoughts full oft forerunners are,
Of fierce affections which do moue the minde,
Which if resistance not in time they finde,
The strongest tackling they do stretch or marre.
I closely therefore will my conscience binde,
And arme [illegible] vessell with courageous band,
Of ski[illegible] [illegible]ch do know the land,
Whose [illegible] my safetie are most kinde:
And in my minde Shall faith the Pylate bee,
Whose skill shall make me wished port to see.

SON. LXXXII.

HOw is it that my course so soone would stay,
Before I haue begun the thing I thought?
If ease or pleasure I herein had sought,
I had not then made choyse of such a way.
More facill is the course vnto decay,
More fauour with the world it will attaine;
But I mistake the ioy requit with paine,
And faining words, not meaning as they say.
Men breake their sleeps some silly pelfe to gaine:
With losse of life small honor some haue bought,
Yea Philosophers pleasure set at nought,
To win a name of vertue to remaine:
Then I will waine My selfe from earthly rest,
With heauenly crowne and honor to the blest.

When

SON. LXXXIII.

WHen I begin to faint in my conceipt,
To ſee the litle power I haue to good,
How ſin hath vertue in me ſtill withſtood,
And frailtie on my fleſh doth alwaies waight.
I am confounded and amazed ſtraight,
And readily could turne and flie the field,
And all my trauell to the tempter yeeld,
Before I would aduenture more to fight.
But when I duly note whereon I build,
My faith, which watered is with Chriſt his blood,
Of force ſufficient to withſtand the floud,
And me from perill and deſtruction ſhield,
I eaſily welde Each burden on me layd,
And of my ſafetie nothing am affrayd.

SON. LXXXIIII.

THe chaſtiſements which often do befall,
Vnto the moſt belou'd of God and bleſt,
Doth breed vnto their ſoules both peace and reſt,
And home from wandring thoughts their mind doth call,
And ſure are tokens not of fauour ſmall,
Who father-like doth vs in time correct,
Who elſe the care of him would ſoone reiect,
And haue no heed vnto our waies at all.
The good Phiſition that would life protect,
Cuts of a limb ſometimes as it ſeemes beſt,
And yet the patient doth the ſame diſgeſt,
Or any paine that worketh good effect,
Should God neglect Vs then to exerciſe?
With rods wherby to make vs grow more wiſe.

SON. LXXXV.

HOw ſhould my feare or ſorrow long remaine,
(Although the world did ſwell, and ouerflow
With dangers which nought elſe but death do ſhow)
When I by death do finde a preſent gaine?
Faith me aſſures that all aſſaults are vaine,
That ſeeke to ſeuer me from heauenly blis,
The loue of Chriſt aſſureth me of this,
That I with him ſhall ſafely ſtill remaine,
What though of earthly pleaſures I do miſſe,
And though the care of them vnpleaſing grow,
Yet this by good experience I do know,
All things turne to the beſt to children his,
I therefore kis, The croſſe with ioyfull cheare,
Becauſe in chaſtiſement doth loue appeare.

SON. LXXXVI.

ALthough thoſe Gibeonites the natiue borne,
Of ſinfull fleſh haue ſlily me beguilde,
When as I thought all luſt to haue exilde,
By ſhowing faynd repentance ragged and torne,
Though fleſh and bloud vnto this league haue ſworne,
Not asking counſell of the Lord at all,
By which into a ſnare my ſoule did fall,
And deepe hypocriſie my power did ſcorne,
Yet meane I them vnto account to call,
And ſince they haue my holy thoughts defilde,
Accurſed I will hold them and as vilde,
Will hate their offſprings all, both great and ſmall,
And be they ſhall, But bondmen to my ſoule,
Who daily may their proud attempts controwle.

When

SON. LXXXVII.

WHen I began a conqueſt of my will
To make, and yeeld it vnto reaſons law,
My reaſon to the rule of God to draw,
And by that rule to guide my actions ſtill,
It had bine wiſdome firſt the fleſh to kill,
VVho breeds affections, which do ſtill withſtand
The building of the woorke I haue in hand,
And thornes are in my ſides to worke me ill,
But now my error I do vnderſtand,
And muſt by feare of wrath keepe them in awe,
And by the chaſtiſements of ſin they ſaw,
Make them to yeeld vnto obedient band,
Then ſhall my land With faithfull ſoldiers be
Repleniſhed, and armed ſtrengthen me.

SON. LXXXVIII.

NOt euerie one that with his lips doth pray,
Or praiſe thy name is gratefull in thy ſight,
Thy ſearching eyes haue not ſo much delight,
In thoſe that cry, Lord, Lord, each houre of day,
But ſuch as in thy bownds obedient ſtay,
And make thy will a law vnto their minde,
That in thy promiſes do comfort finde,
And follow not the worlds deceitfull way,
To ſuch thou ſhoweſt thy ſelfe a father kinde,
And doeſt illuminate their heart with might,
Againſt all powers which do againſt them fight,
Their ſores thou tak'ſt to cure, and doeſt vpbinde,
Angels aſſingde, Do them inuiron round,
And to their comfort, mercies do abound.

SON. LXXXIX.

HOw ſhould I quicken vp my ſelfe indeed,
To true and faithfull loue euen as I ought,
Vnleſſe I call to mind whence I was brought,
And by whoſe ayde, who did this kindneſſe breed,
Which when I only waigh, my heart doth bleed,
To ſee that bountie of a God ſo kinde,
And note the dulneſſe of my nature blinde,
That ſhould forget the Lord who me doth feed.
When I was almoſt loſt he me did finde,
When I forgat him cleane, on me he thought,
When I was ſold to ſin then he me bought.
When I was wounded, he my ſores did binde,
Yea when I pinde, He gaue me plenteous ſtore,
Which gifts I will record for euermore.

SON. XC.

WHy ſhould I faint or feare, or doubt at all,
How fierce ſo euer fleſhly combat ſhow,
Since I ſo ſure a ſuccour readie know,
To ſhield me ſafe, what euer do befalls
If he haue ſuch regard of ſparrows ſmall,
As none of them (till God appoint) do dye,
If to our haires which fall, he haue an eye,
That none of them vnnumbred periſh ſhall:
Why ſhould I thinke him deaffe when I do crye,
As though he had no care of vs below,
As though he would not needfull things beſtow,
Although our patience he delight to trye,
Who can denye, But floures that grow in field,
In glorie ſtaine the beautie pride doth yeeld.

How

SON. XCI.

HOw do Gods bleſſings to his Saints abound,
Whoſe gifts of grace although they be but ſmall,
At firſt yet more and more increaſe they ſhall,
As ſeed well watred in a frutefull ground,
The proofe whereof I ſinfull wretch haue found,
Whoſe faith nigh famiſhed, he now hath fed
From heauen, with great increaſe of fiſh and bread,
Which ſtrengthen dying ſoule with comfort ſound,
His word for table he did open ſpred,
His ſeruants for to feed, me he did call,
Their dole ſo free, I find more fragments fall,
Then in my basket ſences home haue led,
Yet he hath bed To ſuch more to beſtow,
As greateſt ſtore of former treaſor ſhow.

SON. XCII.

I Know not Lord how to diſcharge aright,
The dutie that for graces great I owe,
No need thou haſt of me at all I know,
Yet in thy ſeruice ſhall be my delight,
To publiſh forth thy praiſes day and night,
To ſerue thy Saints with gifts I ſhall poſſeſſe,
Thy wondrous works by all meanes to confeſſe,
I will imploy my ſubſtance, wit, and might.
The remnant of my life ſhall well expreſſe,
That dead to ſin in Chriſt to life I grew,
Which ſhall to world, my mind regenerate ſhow,
Although that I cannot ſin cleane ſuppreſſe,
And will adreſſe My thoughts to thee alone,
Becauſe on earth true ioy or bliſſe is none.

SON. XCIII.

IF I did hope by pen to patterne out
The many merits of thy Maieſtie,
Which of thy mercies we do daily trie,
An endleſſe matter I ſhould go about,
But I alas my ſtrength ſo much do doubt,
That nothing leſſe then ſuch a thought I haue,
To point forth others to a thought I craue,
Whoſe confidence in skill is much more ſtout.
Yet dare I ſay that nature neuer gaue
The power to fleſh and bloud to looke ſo hye,
Nor gifts of grace full few there are apply,
To giue him laude aright that did them ſaue.
How to behaue My ſelfe herein I learne,
And wiſh my will might others likewiſe warne.

SON. XCIIII.

WHat tong or pen can ſhow it ſelfe vnkinde,
Vnto a father full of mercy ſo,
Who freely doth ſuch benefits beſtow,
And of your caſe hath ſuch a careſull minde?
Before we were, a way he forth did finde,
Whereby to purchaſe vs in heauen a place,
When natiue ſtrength our glory ſhould deface,
A remedie therefore his loue aſſignde:
He giues vs knowledge of the ſame by grace,
Which offered is to them the which will go
Vnto the word where ſauing health doth grow,
And faith through which our Sauiour we imbrace,
And being baſe, By birth, and thrall to hell,
He vs adopts in childrens roome to dwell.

Why

SON. XCV.

WHy ſhould this worldly care haue now ſuch power
To quęch the comfort which the ſoule ſhall find
In this our God, who is to vs ſo kind,
The memorie of which ſhould feare deuowers
If faith were watred well with heauenly ſhower
Of grace, and knowledge of our happie ſtate,
It would the force of all aſſaults abate,
And be a bulwarke ſtrong at trials hower.
If we the world and fleſh did truly hate,
And made his will a law vnto our minde,
If doubt of power or will, did not vs blinde,
Which to diſtruſt, ſets open wide the gate,
Then would this rate Of worldly care be leſſe,
And he our faith with fauour more would bleſſe.

SON. XCVI.

HOw loth this fleſh of mine remaineth ſtill,
To part from ſin his old companion deare,
Of death or of a change, he would not heare,
But would imbrace him aye with his good will,
The verie thought of death his thought doth kill,
The verie feare thereof his ſorrow brings,
So ſweet the pleaſures ſeeme of earthly things,
That nought elſe can our fond affections kill.
But who is wiſe, fro out the ſnare he wrings,
Before perforce, death doth approach him neare,
That abſtinence no vertue doth appeare,
When want of power ſubdues affections ſtings,
But who ſo flings, From them when they purſue,
To him pure name of vertue indeed is due.

SON. XCVII.

WHo ſo would liue, of force he firſt muſt dye,
Death is the doore which leadeth vnto life,
Life which ſhall be deuoyd of change and ſtrife,
Whoſe comfort ſhall our teares of ſorrow drye,
The way is ſtraight the which man muſt go by.
If to the heauens he purpoſe to aſcend,
His groſſe corruption muſt to graue deſcend,
And dead, the power of ſin therein muſt lye,
If he to be regenerate intend,
Firſt muſt he mortifie the motions rife,
Of luſt, which kill the ſoule with cruell knife,
And eke his ruine preſently pretend,
For God will ſend A happie change indeed,
As harueſt paies with plentie plow mans ſeed.

SON. XCVIII.

WHen I with griefe ſometimes to mind do call,
The wofull loſſe that ſin to man hath brought,
And want which to all creatures it hath wrought,
By Satans ſl'ght, and Adams fearfull fall,
I finde no comfort in worlds vſe at all,
But wiſh to be diſſolu'd with Chriſt to dwell,
From whom all bleſſings flow and do excell,
In thought whereof my comfort is not ſmall.
Yea I do grow by thinking hereof well,
Into a doubt, if that in truth I ought,
More ſorrow parents fall, which death hath brought,
Or ioy the life through Chriſt to me befell,
Yet truth to tell, I finde the change ſo good,
Our ſtate is better now then when we ſtood.

If

SON. XCIX.

IF I can ſpeake and like a coward crake,
If I can tell the thing the which is beſt,
If I in muſter ſeeme to battell preſt,
And yet ſhrinke backe when I ſhould triall make,
If I indeuour others to awake,
Fro out the deadly ſlumber they are in,
And yet my ſelfe cannot reuolt from ſin,
But in the pride thereof do pleaſure take,
By all my trauell I no gaine ſhall win,
Although my paine might proue to others bleſt,
But as the Symball ſound doth to the reſt,
I might haps mourne, when others mirth begin,
The feaſt but thin, Would be vnto my ſhare,
Though many diſhes to the gueſts I bare.

SON. C.

FOrtune and chance, blind gudes to bliſſe farewell,
Vpon your leaſures I no more attend,
I not regard what good or ill you ſend,
Nor in your tents of pleaſures wiſh to dwell,
A greater bliſſe then ere through you befell,
Ye made me to neglect I now do ſee,
Whoſe hope from teare could neare continue free,
But aye diſtruſt did gainſt my faith rebell.
The earths delight the which ye promiſt me,
Could not my ſoule from ſorrow ought defend,
Your ſweet with ſower was mixed in the end,
So vaine and variable both they be,
Then nappie he That ſeeketh bleſſed reſt,
In Chriſt alone, and doth the world deteſt.

CONCLVSION.

WOrds may well want, both Inke and paper faile,
Wits may grow dull, and will may weary grow,
And worlds affaires may make my pen more slow,
But yet my heart and courage shall not quaile,
Though cares and troubles do my peace assaile,
And driue me to delay thy praise awhile,
Yet all the world shall not from thoughts exile,
Thy mercies Lord by which my plaints preuaile.
And though the world with face should gratefull smile,
And me her pedlers packe of pleasures shew,
No heartie loue on her I will bestow,
Because I know she seekes me to beguile,
Ne will defile My happie peace of minde,
For all the solace I in earth may finde.

FINIS.

A TABLE DIRECTING by part of the first verse of each, to the

A.	Booke.	Sonet.
A Base borne	1.	54
According to thy	1.	41
A husbandman	1.	53
Although the world	2.	70
Although these	2.	85
Amidst the graues	1.	42
A merchant	1.	21
Among the preasse	1.	22
Among thy sheepe	1.	9
Amidst thu famine	1.	37
A Moabite	1.	80
Amidst thu pilgrimage	2.	80
A poore Arabian	1.	20
A tenant	1.	50
As thou art pure	1.	24
As oft as thou	1.	31
A sinfull Syrian	1.	98
A seruant Lord	1.	73
A seruant sold	1.	75
As through a mist	2.	1
As fareth with	2.	9
As is the treasure	2.	15
As but vaine	2.	66
As doth the starres	2.	53
As doth the Moone	2.	144
A virgin pure	1.	29

A Table. Booke. Sonet.

Anaunt baſe thoughts 2. 37
A nicked Phariſie 1. 16
A wicked theefe 1. 78
A wicked ſoule 1. 19

B.

BEhold ô Lord the Citie 1. 10
Behold ô Lord a tree 1. 14
Behold a midſt worlds 1. 92
Betwixt two ſtrong 2. 17
By many gifts 2. 62
Borne blinde I was 1. 38.

C.

CAll me ô Lord 2. 54
Cleanſde are the 2. 2

F.

FAine would I fence 1. 32
Faine would I follow thee 2. 52
Faine would I praiſe 2. 40
Fiue foolish virgins 1. 17
Fie fainting faith 2. 48
For common matter 2. 77
Fortune and chance 2. 100
Fro out the darkeneſſe 1. 2
From Iuda wandering 8. 82
From farre I ſee 2. 18

G.

GReat are the 2. 67
Great is thy 2. 65

H.

HE is vnworthie 2. 22
How ſhould my ſoule 1. 11

How

A Table.	Booke.	Sonet.
How hard it is	1.	48
How oft ô Lord	1.	63
How drunken are	1.	39
How precious	2.	21
How can I limit	2.	26
How may this be	2.	34
How fond a thing	2.	46
How many priuiledges	2.	61
How should the quiet	2.	63
How happily	2.	78
How is it that	2.	82
How loth this	2.	96
How should my	2.	85
How should I	2.	89
How do Gods blessings	2.	98
J.		
I Follow thee	1.	25
I seeke ô Lord	1.	13
I will not feare	2.	38
I iustly am	1.	52
I see alas	1.	99
I finde my heart	2.	49
I haue beene blinde	2.	68
I haue begunne	2.	6
I see a storme	2.	81
I shame to see	2.	13
I know not	2.	92
In humble wise	1.	4
Into thy vineyard	1.	23
In bondage long	1.	79
In famine great	1.	89

	Booke.	Sonet.
In deadly sleepe	1.	43
In pride of youth	1.	6
If thou touchsafest	1.	45
If he to whom	2.	11
If Saba Queene	2.	45
If beautie be	2.	33
If Paradise	2.	59
If he vnworthie be	2.	73
If I did hope	2.	93
If I can speake	2.	99
It is not Lord	1.	Preface
It were vnfit	2.	71
It is no light.	2.	76

L.

LAme of my limbs	1.	7
Let earthly things	2.	47
Like pined childe	1.	27
Like silly babes	2.	55
Lo how I groueling	1.	81
Loue then I will	2.	39

M

MY bodie Lord the house	1.	36
My bodie Lord infected	1.	60
My soule like	1.	76
My sinnes behold	1.	33
My wicked flesh	1.	44
Mourne thou no more	1.	101
My traytrous heart	1.	49

N.

NO recompence	2.	20
No sooner loue	2.	50

A Table.

	Booke.	Soner.
Not that my faith	1.	84
Not euerie one	2.	28
Now that thou hast	1.	12
Now that I see	1.	61
Now that it pleaseth	1.	69
Now that I haue	2.	12
Now will I daunce	2.	19
Now that thy mercies	2.	27
O		
O Heauenly beautie	2.	32
O heauenly loue	2.	35
O perfect sonne	2.	41
Of sinfull race	1.	30
Of euerie creature	1.	47
Of parents first	1.	26
Of sweet and sauorie	1.	90
Out of the fountaine	1.	18
Out of thy	1.	92
P		
Polluted with	1.	28
S		
Since it hath pleased	1.	46
Since with Goliath	1.	11
Since thou hast raisd	1.	65
Since thou by grace	1.	100
Since that it pleaseth	1.	88
Since to so holy	2.	3
Since thou ô Lord	2.	10
Since thou hast	2.	25
So blind ô Lord	1.	77
So foolish Lord	1.	97

	Booke.	Sonet.
Some men do mourne	2.	1
Sometimes my nature	2.	72
T.		
THe temple Lord	1.	67
The silly babes	1.	17
The greedinesse	1.	34
The many trials	1.	85
The dreame which thou	1.	93
The seed which thou	1.	94
The malice of	1.	96
The talents which	1.	87
The onely daughter	1.	56
The more I seeke	2.	8
The end whereto	2.	14
The pleasures of	2.	16
The powerfull penne	2.	29
The shining face	2.	36
The chastisements	2.	84
Thy thundring voice	1.	8
The slender Citie	1.	83
Thy stately stage	2.	30
Thou formedst me	1.	72
Though with thy Saints	1.	40
Thou hast O Lord	1.	86
Thanks will I	2.	22
To shun the rocks	2.	74
V.		
VNto thy princely	1.	5
Voyd of true life	1.	35
W.		
WEre is not straunge	2.	75

A Table.	Booke.	Sonet.
Where shall I build	1.	58
Where shall I finde	2.	9
What am I else	1.	71
Whilst in this world	1.	70
Whilst with the wholesome	1.	64
Whilst in the garden	1.	51
Wherefo I cast about	2.	23
When thou vouchsafest	1.	55
Whilst in the vaile	1.	59
Whilst that the chosen	1.	62
Whilst that in wealth	1.	66
What strength hath	1.	95
When I begun	2.	83
When as my	2.	3
What song or pen	2.	94
What should I render	2.	42
What present	2.	42
What wealth	2	58
What is felicitie	2.	60
When I began	2.	87
When I with griefe	2.	98
When desolate I was	2.	79
Who so beholds	2.	41
Whilst in the plentie	1.	74
Whilst I do studie	2.	24
Why should he faint	2.	69
Why should this	2.	95
Why should I	2.	90
Within this Arke	1.	3
Within thy garden	1.	15
Within thy house	1.	68

	Booke.	Sonet.
Who vwill behold	2.	3[illegible]
Who so could	2.	56
Who seeketh not	2.	57
Who so of perfect	2.	64
Who so would liue	2.	97
Would God	2.	5
Words may vvell vvant	2.	Conclusiõ

FINIS.

Collated [illegible] 1/6/33 RJ